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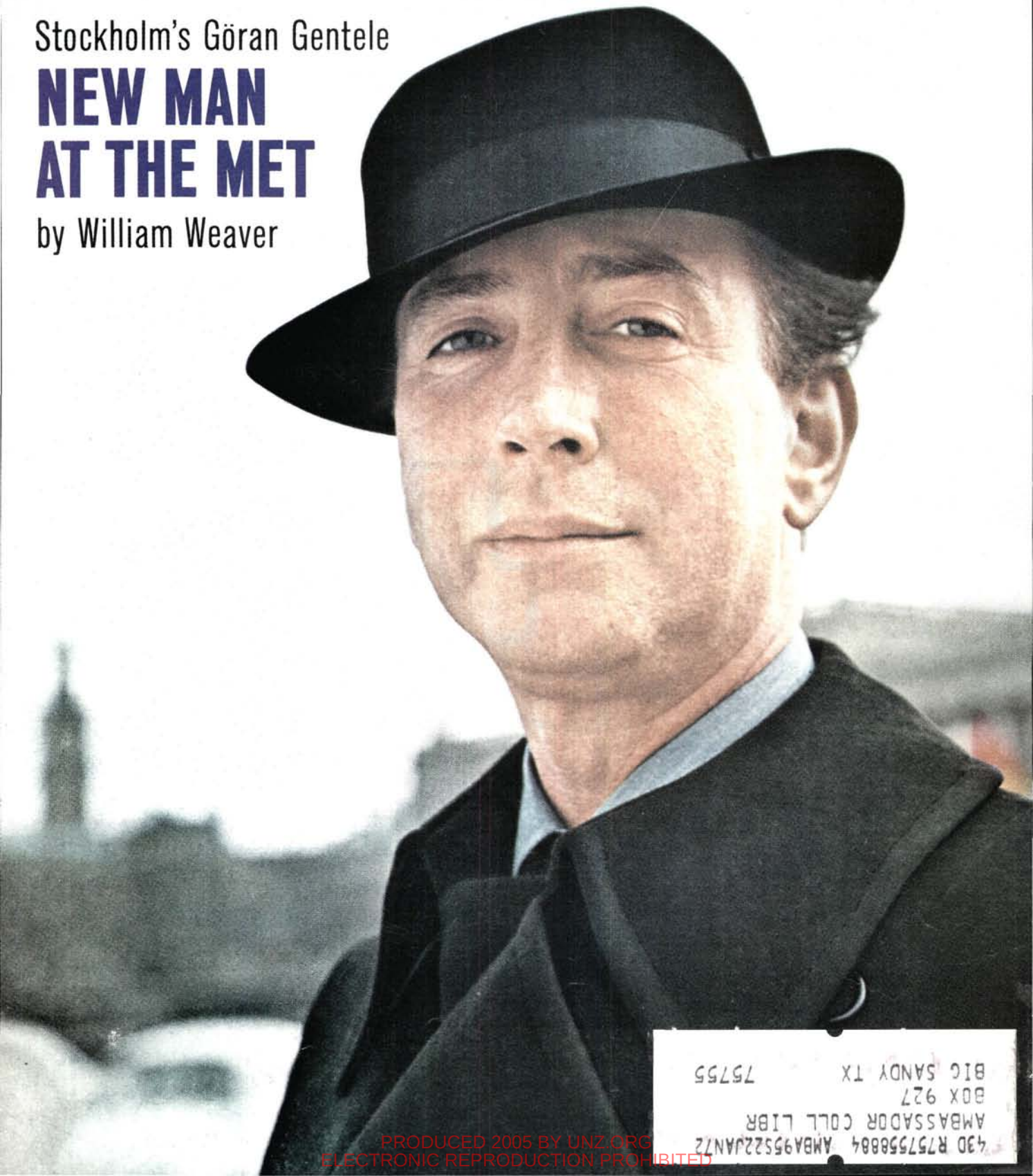
Stockholm's Göran Gentele

NEW MAN AT THE MET

by William Weaver



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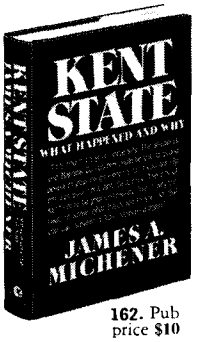

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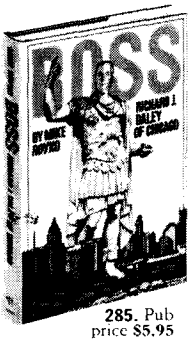

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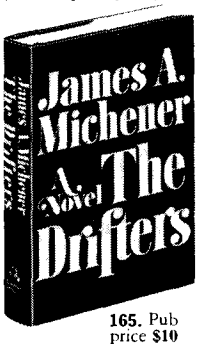

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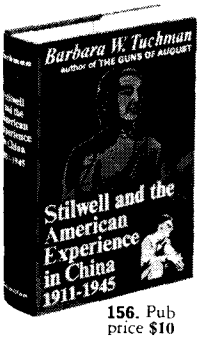

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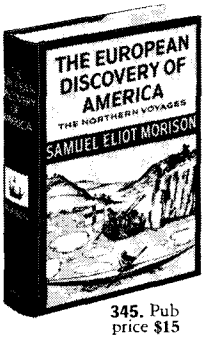

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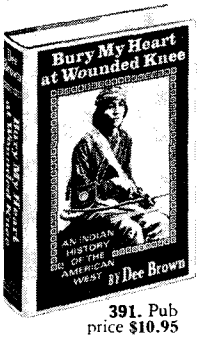

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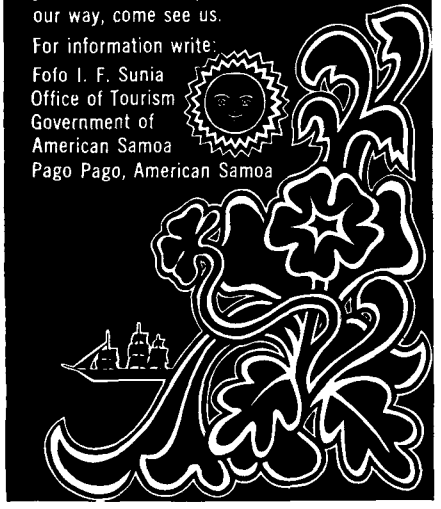

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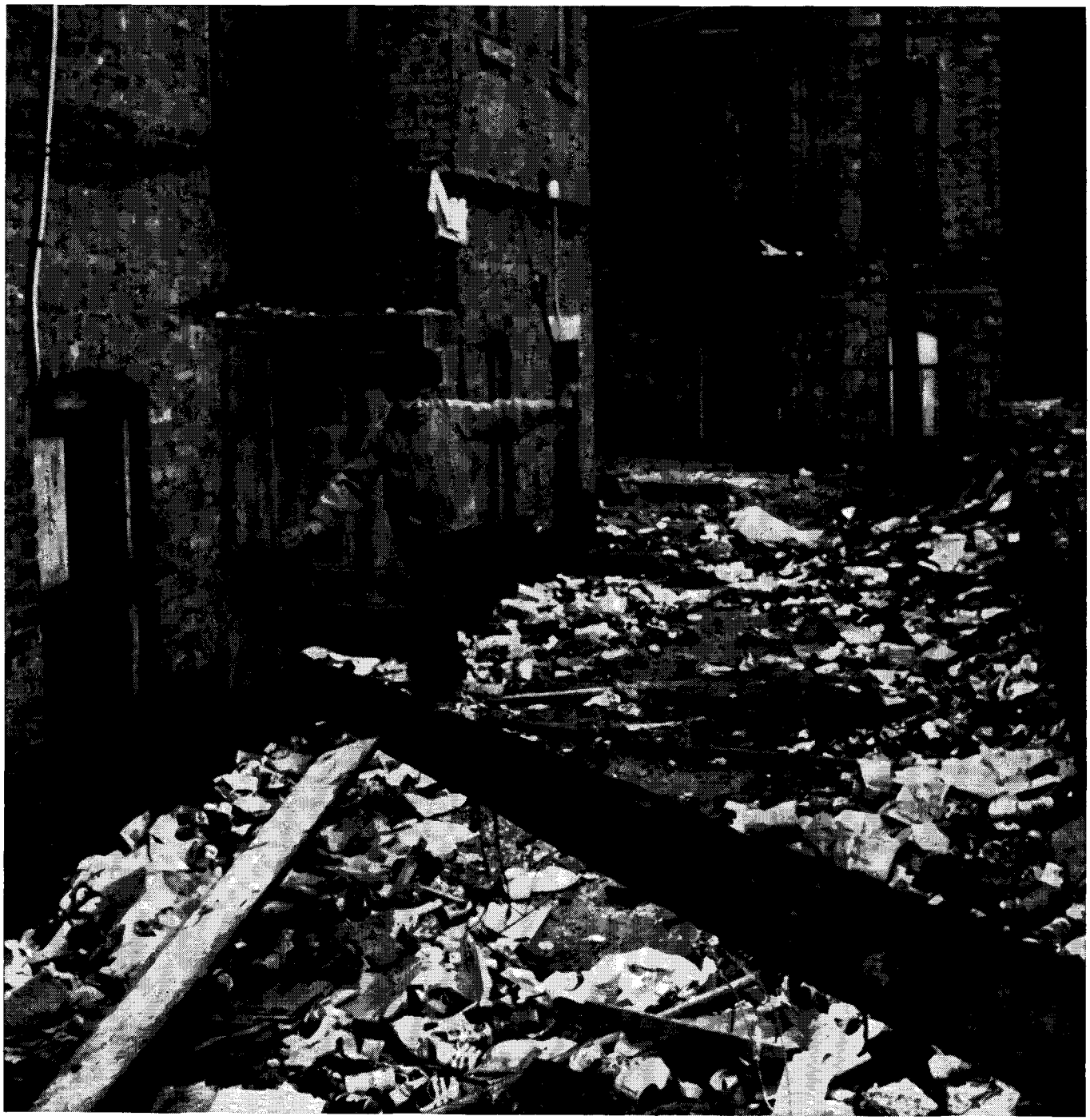

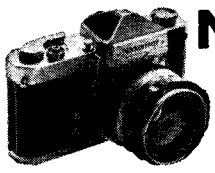

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Most Unkindest Cut of All

IN THE OLDEN, golden days of radio and early TV, comedy writers had one common, natural enemy—the network censors. They were out to get us, examining every line of dialogue with a fine-tooth microscope for jokes considered to be in "bad taste." Or for "indecent language"—such as "hell" and "damn," which were sheared from the script and made to read "heck" and "darn."

I'm trying to recall one such joke marked "bad taste." Oh yes. It was when we were writing the Perry Como program. Our Christmas show. One of the guests was Bishop Fulton Sheen. The scene was a Christmas tree laden with presents bearing the names of the recipients, who came and picked up their gifts.

Bishop Sheen, according to our script, was to come to Perry and ask if he might exchange his gift.

"Why?" asked Mr. Como. "What did you get?"

"A necktie," was the reply.

The Bishop enjoyed the line at rehearsals. But the censors marked it "bad taste." Clip, clip went the shears.

It happened every week and on all programs. The network censors found various reasons to delete comedy lines. And, at first, the writers took it all supinely, crushed and defeated, watching what they considered their best efforts go down the blue-penciled drain.

Finally, at secret meetings held from coast to coast, they resolved to fight this censorship by sneaking in lines so adroitly phrased that the censors would overlook them. When such a line showed up on a broadcast, all the gagmen honored the sneaky writer with a dinner at a delicatessen near the network, where he was toasted with a bottle of Cel-ray Tonic.

One writer who supplied the jokes for a program sponsored by Old Gold cigarettes wrote a sketch about the gold rush of '49 in which the comedian discovered a gold mine and came on stage shouting, "I've made a lucky strike." The network censors overlooked the obvious conflict with the sponsor's interests, and the joke stayed in. And that night at the dinner Cel-ray flowed like champagne.

I was almost similarly honored when I wrote a program for Chesterfield cigarettes. In a sketch, I had one of the players say, "That was the straw that broke the camel's back." It went through all rehearsals, but on the day of the show the network shamus caught it and it was out. That night at the dinner I was given an E for effort and toasted with a glass of seltzer.

A craftier man than I was W. C. Fields. As a guest on the Lucky Strike program one Sunday night, Mr. Fields mentioned that he had a nephew named Chester.

It wasn't till the laugh had died down that the censor knew he had been had. That night at our dinner Mr. Fields was toasted in absentia with a glass of whatever he had been having plenty of.

But one writer and comedian on radio stood aloof from all this chicanery. He was Fred Allen, the most censor-bothered writer of the day. But he fought censorship in the open. Every week he met the censors with honest dissension, until one day he came up with such a delightful bit of sneakiness that he won the admiration of all downtrodden practitioners of the craft.

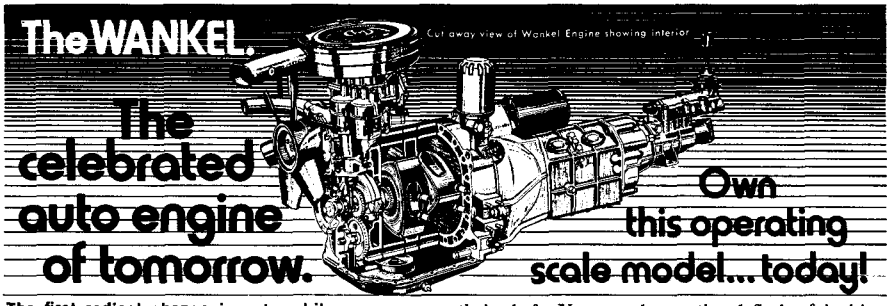
It was a simple and brilliantly diabolic plan. He wrote into each of his scripts at least three obviously objectionable lines that would attract the attention of the censor. And when the censor came up with six lines to be deleted, Mr. Allen offered to compromise. He would delete the objectionable three lines, which he wouldn't have used anyway, if the censor would allow the other three. Invariably it worked.

As the years went by, I became sanguine and more understanding of the problems of network censors. The Great Understanding. To achieve The Great Understanding takes a lot of understanding. And lots of Brioschi and aspirin. Oops! Make that Anacin, for the sake of an auld lang radio sponsor.

I have lost to the censors' shears not only an occasional brilliant line of dialogue but, once, an entire script. However, now I am able to murmur, "This too shall pass." And at night I slash my wrists. Not deeply. I only want to die a little.

So you will pardon the small, supercilious smile that curls my lips when I read that the networks themselves are now being censored by the White House. Network executives cry havoc, claiming the administration is interfering with their electronic journalism.

Now they know what the comedy writers went through all those years. How does it feel to be watched over by the eagle eye of Spiro T. Agnew, V. P.? Video Protector, that is.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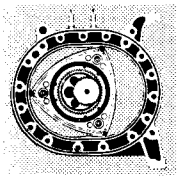

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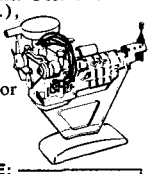

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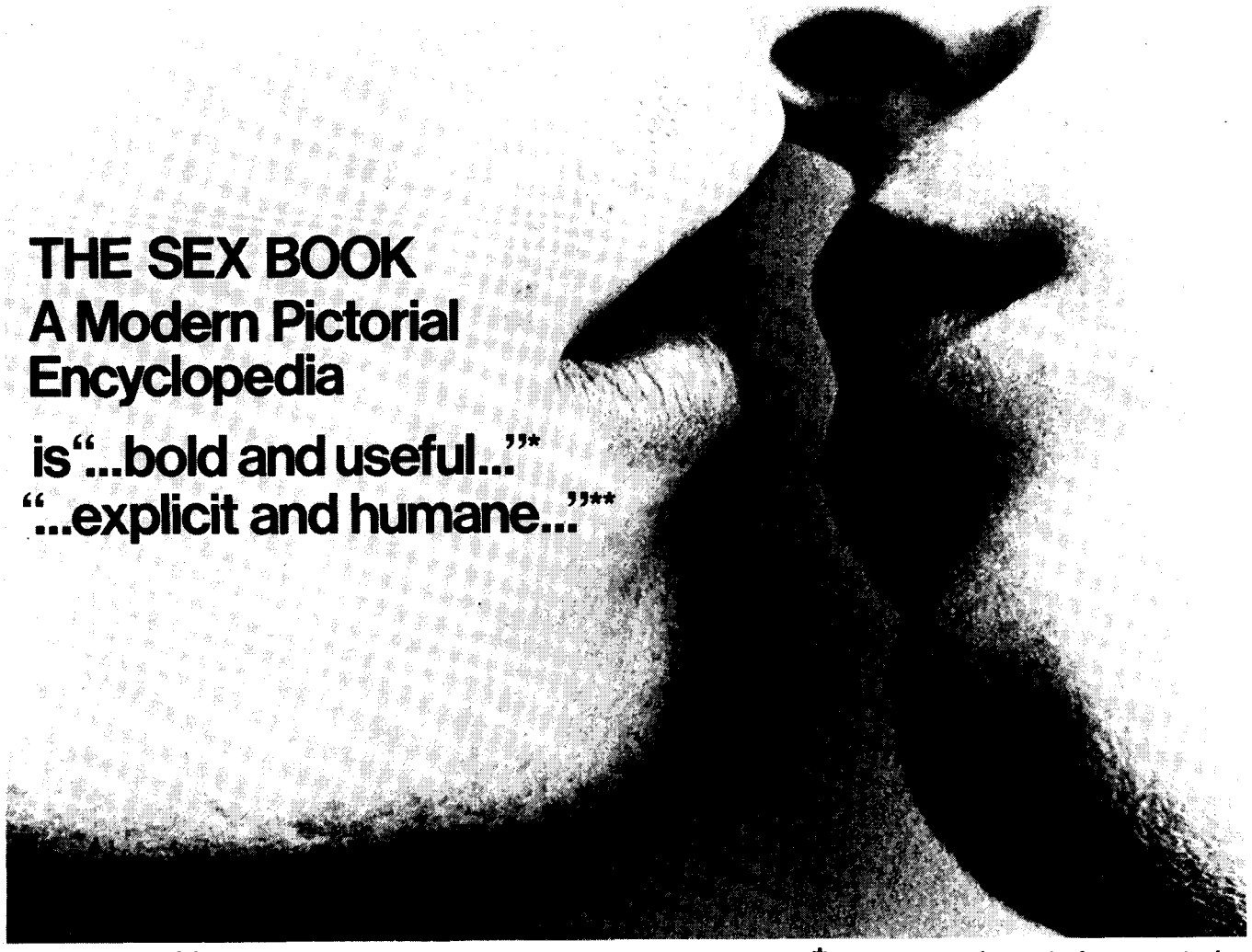

THE SEX BOOK
A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia

is"...bold and useful..."** "...explicit and humane..."***

TIME:** "Four years ago the publishing house of Herder and Herder won praise, and in church circles a degree of notoriety, for the erudite but controversial *Dutch Catechism.* That ruckus will seem a mere parlor game compared to the brouhaha that is likely to greet Herder's latest effort, a show-and-tell encyclopedia of sex called *The Sex Book: A Modern Pictorial Encyclopedia.* As for critics of sex education, it is a toss-up which will disturb them more, the permissive attitudes expressed in the text or some of Will McBride's black-and-white photos. Among the picture subjects are . . . also some less explicit, sometimes charming evocations of conjugal and family love. The text blends frankness with a pervading concern for mutual tenderness and respect in expressions of sexuality. The book has a humane, almost joyful candor that might well assist a perplexed parent."

PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY: "A comprehensive photo-illustrated encyclopedia . . . [with] straight forward language, up-to-date medical views, Christian sexual and family morality aligned with a wholesome revelation of facts . . . many adults and youths may find it liberating."

NEWSWEEK:* "*The Sex Book* is organized alphabetically to include some 400 entries ranging from *aberration and abortifacient* through *Oedipus complex* and *orgasm* to *zoophilia* and *zygote.* Each item is laced with cross references so that the reader who wants to know more about *defloration,* for example, is referred to *hymen, virginity, first sexual intercourse, double standard, foreplay* and *jus primae noctis (right of the first night)* . . . Citing the recent call from the Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography for mass sex education, the authors argue that 'any attempt by educators to withhold from young people a realistic presentation of human sexuality can only arouse their suspicion.' For this reason, *The Sex Book* includes photographs of sexual organs under stimulation, plus pictures of various contraceptives and one close-up of coitus itself . . . But the photographs, in their context, are not pornographic . . . *The Sex Book* is a bold, useful text, and the controversy it seems sure to create could induce parents, teachers and clerics alike to provide the kind of atmosphere in which sex can be appreciated in its fullest human expression."

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This beautiful and entirely new approach to sex education is not only a source of quick information, but also a reference book of permanent value. Send for a copy of *The Sex Book* today for you and for your family.

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By Martin Goldstein, M.D., E. J. Haeberle, Ph.D., and Will McBride

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To honor the 200th birthday Time-Life Records preser

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Listen to the first six Beethoven Symphonies recorded by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Herbert von Karajan for 10 DAYS FREE! (And get a magnificent Beethoven book free if you decide to keep the album!)

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What excitement there would be! It would be like finding a new play by Shakespeare, a new painting by Leonardo da Vinci.

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That is why Time-Life Records has joined with the famous Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft recording company of Germany to present a definitive collection of Beethoven's works.

Some years ago, Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft embarked upon an historic project. Looking forward to the 200th anniversary of Beethoven's birthday, they set out to put together the most comprehensive collection of Beethoven recordings ever assembled. No company was better equipped to accomplish this ambitious task, for DGG is widely regarded as one of the finest recording companies in the world—the standard by which other companies are often judged.

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In the history of music, there has never been a man like Ludwig van Beethoven.

"Before the name of Beethoven we must all bow in reverence."
Giuseppe Verdi

"The impetuous fury of his strength, which he could quite easily contain and control, but often would not, and the uproariousness of his fun, go beyond anything of the kind to be found in the work of other composers."
George Bernard Shaw

"Dante (is) the great Italian; Shakespeare, the great Englishman; Beethoven, the great German."
Victor Hugo

"He developed (the symphony) to its highest point, doing for it what Rembrandt did for painting."
Arthur Bodansky
Metropolitan Opera Conductor

"He was ugly and half crazy."
Magdelana Willmann
In rejecting his proposal

"The great musician of all time."
Olin Downes
Former N.Y. Times music critic

"He has never learned anything, and he can do nothing in decent style."
Albrechtsberger
His music teacher in 1797

"No composer has ever melted his hearers into complete sentimentality by the beauty of his music, and then suddenly turned on them and mocked them with derisive trumpet blasts for being such fools."
George Bernard Shaw

"He was a Titan, wrestling with the gods."
Richard Wagner

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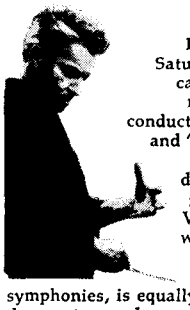

Conductor Herbert von Karajan. The Saturday Review called him the most famous conductor in Europe and "perhaps the finest (conductor) of his generation." Von Karajan, who conducts the first nine symphonies, is equally at home in the great opera houses of the world and on the concert podiums of Europe and America. As a Beethoven interpreter, he inherits the grand tradition of Toscanini, Furtwängler and Bruno Walter.

The Berlin Philharmonic. It has been numbered "among the world's finest symphony orchestras" by TIME Magazine. Perhaps no other orchestra in the world can perform Beethoven with such depth of understanding and technical brilliance.

The Recordings: Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft. A critic has said, "At Deutsche Grammophon, quality is not a philosophy, it is an obsession." Small wonder, then, that the nine symphonies in the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection have already won the famed Grand Prix du Disque (Paris). Deutsche Grammophon's concern with achieving perfection extends all along the multistage, intricate process of recording. The results are heard on every Deutsche Grammophon record—hailed by connoisseurs as among the world's finest.

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This epoch-making collection has been assembled in 10 Volumes by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and Time-Life Records. It brings you Beethoven at his best in magnificent stereo recordings featuring world-renowned conductors and artists including Herbert von Karajan, David Oistrakh, Yehudi Menuhin, Wilhelm Kempff; the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; the Vienna Symphony Orchestra; the Amadeus Quartet—and other outstanding artists.

By responding now you gain a unique opportunity to listen to Vol. 1 for 10 days free. If you decide to keep it you pay only the low $16.95* price. Or you may return the album and book and owe nothing.

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But here is a unique opportunity for you and your family to sample the very best by the incomparable Beethoven.

Complete Contents of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection

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VOL. II SYMPHONIES AND OVERTURES PART 2
VOL. III CONCERTOS
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VOL. V *MUSIC FOR THE STAGE*
VOL. VI CHORAL MUSIC
VOL. VII STRING QUARTETS
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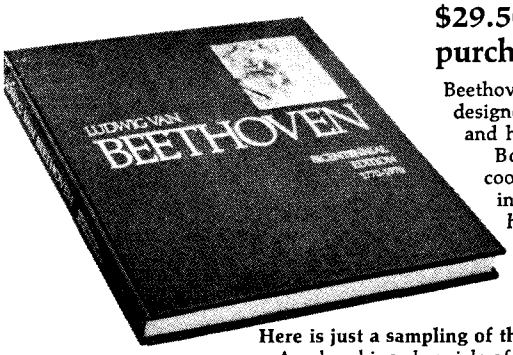

Book measures 12½ x 12½ inches. 275 pages and 150 color plates.

$29.50 Beethoven Book free with purchase of first six symphonies!

Beethoven lovers will revel in this big, exquisitely designed and printed book that covers the master and his work in fascinating detail.

Both text and pictures were prepared in cooperation with the famed Beethoven Archive in Germany. It includes much material that had never been available to the public before!

It will be shipped to you free when you order Album I of the Beethoven Bicentennial Collection. And it is yours to keep—free—if you decide to keep the record album.

Here is just a sampling of the riches this superb volume contains:

- An absorbing chronicle of Beethoven's life and times.
- Authoritative essays and discussions of every aspect of his work.
- Reproductions of the original scores of many of Beethoven's greatest compositions, written and annotated in his own hand.
- An illuminating article on Beethoven's way of life and character.
- And much, much more!

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Headline of the Week—via Joe Hathaway of Midland, Texas, from the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*:

THREE ESCAPE JAIL, TAKE CAR,
STEAL HORSES, FOUND BY DOGS

With a headline like that, we say, who needs a story. Meanwhile, Thomas Hopgood of Rapid City, South Dakota, located our News Item of the Week in an Associated Press story on swordfish as appearing in the Rapid City *Journal:*

> It is particularly important that children and women of child-beating age refrain from consumption of the seafood, the FDA said. . . .

Spare the rod and spoil the fish. In any case, there were no fewer than three Advertisements of the Week. The first was from Dorothea Farr of Portland, who found it in the *Oregonian*:

PURE WHITE TISSUE
In Your Choice
of Colors

Color ours beige. The second ad was from Quentin Patterson of Hillsborough, North Carolina, who came across it in the Salisbury *Post*:

LAKE NORMAN BEAUTY

Attractive 2 bedroom completely furnished home with nice kitchen and den area. 30 ft. screened porch with the prettiest view of Lake Norman. About 300 ft. of waterfront. Complete with piers, boat house, 60 HP Johnson and 16 ft. fiberglass boat with top. Automatic wench.

Just as long as she's not always talking marriage. Finally, ad No. 3 came from Mrs. Barbara McDougall of London, Ontario, who found it under "Homes for Rent" in the London *Free Press*:

OAKRIDGE ACRES, lovely tri-level home, close to schools, bus, shopping and golf curse.

Shades of Congressman A. F. Day!

Freeze-a-Ferrari.
Not all 35mm reflexes let you keep up with the action. When you look away to adjust the camera, you lose the race. With a Minolta SR-T 101, the shutter speed and lens opening indicators are inside the viewfinder. So you can frame, focus, adjust exposure and (Varroom!) get the shot, fast.
Minolta SR-T 101, from about $260. The Minolta SR-T 100, about $220. Look for a little "M" tag attached to Minolta SR cameras. It's your assurance of a full two-year warranty, according to the terms of the U.S.A. warranty registration packed with the camera.
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For literature, write Minolta Corp., 200 Park Ave. So., N.Y., N.Y. 10003. In Canada: Anglophoto Ltd., P.Q.

One author who made a large impression on us at the American Booksellers Association was James Kavanaugh, the ex-Catholic priest (*A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*) and author of *There Are Men Too Gentle to Live Among Wolves*—a book of poetry that, published by the Los Angeles firm of Nash, has sold, at $3.95, in hardcover, the large total of 70,000 copies.

We told Mr. Kavanaugh we liked his poetry. He was pleased, but we soon learned that Mr. Kavanaugh does not care much for poetry critics. "Who would review my poetry?" he asked. "Some guy whose defense for living is his intellect and who hides behind his footnotes. I believe in what Robert Graves said, 'If it's a poem, it should send a chill up your spine.'"

Nor does Mr. Kavanaugh think much of many poets highly praised by critics. "I've got two Ph.D.'s," he said quietly. "If I can't understand them, who can?"

Born in Kalamazoo—he is forty-two—Mr. Kavanaugh has a father in the insurance business and six brothers—mostly doctors and priests. He went into the seminary at fifteen, became a priest in Lansing at twenty-four. Here he started writing the church bulletin—one whose circulation, in a parish of 1,000, quickly went to 9,000. His dissatisfactions and conflicts, however, also rose steadily. After a showdown with his bishop, he was sent first to a "priest breaker" ("I loved the guy"), then to graduate school, and he finally, in the summer of 1965, went with a group on what he calls a "fellowship thing" to Europe. "They brought out all the biggies," he told us, "who had all the answers." On that same trip, though, he also met Ernest Borinski, a Jewish sociologist from an all-black university in Tugaloo, Alabama. "When you stop asking the questions," Borinski told him, "and start trying to answer them, you'll be a man."

He sent his now famous article "I Am a Priest—I Want to Marry" to the *Atlantic Monthly*. But, when the *Atlantic* offered him $1,500 for the article, he got cold feet and withdrew it. The next summer he sent the article off again,

(*Continued on page* 52)

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1941)

(FRED MUSTARD) STEWART:
THE METHUSELAH ENZYME

Imagine the mind of a Mozart, a Plato, a Ch'ien Lung, a Buddha, a Jefferson, a Bacon, a Marcus Aurelius—imagine what these minds could have given the world if they could have been kept young, active, and healthy for centuries! But for every Aurelius, there are a hundred Neros.

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After the Population Explosion

"Imagine the thrill of flying from Los Angeles to New York and having the landscape look like Los Angeles all the way."

—Monkmeyer

by HARRISON BROWN

At one time or another almost all of us have asked: How many human beings can the Earth support? When this question is put to me, I find it necessary to respond with another question: In what kind of world are you willing to live? In the eyes of those who care about their environment, we have perhaps already passed the limits of growth. In the eyes of those who don't care how they live or what dangers they create for posterity, the limits of growth lie far ahead.

The populations of all biological species are limited by environmental factors, and man's is no exception. Food supplies and the presence of predators are of prime importance. When two rabbits of opposite sex are placed in a fenced-in field of grass, they will go forth and multiply, but the population will eventually be limited by the grass supply. If predators are placed in the field, the rabbit population will either stabilize at a new level or possibly become extinct. Given no predators and no restrictions on food, but circumscribed space, the number of rabbits will still be limited, either by the psychological and biological effects of overcrowding or by being buried in their own refuse.

When man, endowed with the power of conceptual thought, appeared upon the Earth scene, something new was introduced into the evolutionary process. Biological evolution, which had dominated all living species for billions of years, gave way to cultural evolution. As man gradually learned how to control various elements of his environment, he succeeded in modifying a number of the factors that limited his population. Clothing, fire, and crude shelters extended the range of habitable climate. Tools of increasing sophistication helped man gather edible vegetation, hunt animals more effectively, and protect himself from predators.

But no matter how effective the tools, there is a limit to the number of food gatherers who can inhabit a given area of land. One cannot kill more animals than are born or pick more fruit than trees bear. The maximum population of a worldwide food-gathering society was about ten million persons. Once that level was reached, numerous cultural patterns emerged that caused worldwide birth rates and death rates to become equal. In some societies, the natural death rate was elevated by malnutrition and disease; in others, the death rate was increased artificially by such practices as infanticide or the waging of war. In some cases, certain sex taboos and rituals appear to have lowered the birth rate. But, however birth and death rates came into balance, we can be confident that for a long time prior to the agricultural revolution the human population remained virtually constant.

With the introduction of agriculture about 10,000 years ago, the levels of population that had been imposed by limited supplies of food were raised significantly. Even in the earliest agricultural societies, several hundred times as much food could be produced from a given area of fertile land than could be collected by food gatherers. As the technology of agriculture spread,

HARRISON BROWN, an *SR* editor-at-large, is a professor of geochemistry, science, and government at the California Institute of Technology.

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population grew rapidly. This new technology dramatically affected the entire fabric of human culture. Man gave up the nomad life and settled in villages, some of which became cities. Sufficient food could be grown to make it possible for about 10 per cent of the population to engage in activities other than farming.

The development of iron technology and improved transportation accelerated the spread of this peasant-village culture. Indeed, had new technological developments ceased to appear after 1700, it is nevertheless likely that the peasant-village culture would have spread to all inhabitable parts of the Earth, eventually to reach a level of roughly five billion persons, some 500 million of whom would live in cities. But long before the population had reached anything close to that level, the emergence of new technologies leading up to the Industrial Revolution markedly changed the course of history. The steam engine for the first time gave man a means of concentrating enormous quantities of inanimate mechanical energy, and the newly found power was quickly applied.

During the nineteenth century in western Europe, improved transportation, increased food supplies, and a generally improved environment decreased the morbidity of a number of infectious diseases and virtually eliminated the large fluctuations in mortality rates that had been so characteristic of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. As mortality rates declined and the birth rate remained unchanged, populations in these areas increased rapidly. But as industrialization spread, a multiplicity of factors combined to lessen the desirability of large families. After about 1870, the size of families decreased, at first slowly and then more rapidly; eventually, the rate of population growth declined.

During the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, some of the new technologies were gradually transplanted to the non-industrialized parts of the world, but in a very one-sided manner. Death rates were reduced appreciably, and, with birth rates unchanged, populations in these poorer countries increased rapidly and are still growing.

In spite of the fact that the annual rate of population growth in the industrialized countries has dropped to less than 1 per cent, the worldwide rate is now close to 2 per cent, the highest it has ever been. This rate represents a doubling of population about every thirty-five years. The human population is now 3.5 billion and at the present rate of increase is destined to reach 6.5 billion by the turn of the century and ten billion fifty years from now. Beyond that point, how much further can population grow?

An analysis of modern technology's potential makes it clear that from a long-range, theoretical point of view, food supplies need no longer be the primary factor limiting population growth. Today nearly 10 per cent of the land area of the Earth, or about 3.5 billion acres, is under cultivation. It is estimated that with sufficient effort about fifteen billion acres of land could be placed under cultivation—some four times the present area. Such a move would require prodigious effort and investment and would necessitate the use of substantial quantities of desalinated water reclaimed from the sea. Given abundant energy resources, however, it now appears that in principle this can be done economically.

Large as the potential is for increasing the area of agricultural land, the increases in yield that can be obtained through fertilizers, application of supplementary water, and the use of new high-yielding varieties of cereals are even more impressive. Whereas in the past the growth of plants was circumscribed by the availability of nutrients and water, this need no longer be true. Using our new agricultural technology, solar energy can be converted into food with a high degree of efficiency, and even on the world's presently cultivated lands several times as much food can be produced each year than is now being grown.

To accomplish these objectives, however, an enormous amount of industrialization will be required. Fertilizers must be produced; thus, phosphate rock must be mined and processed, and nitrogen fixation plants must be built. Pesticides and herbicides are needed; thus, chemical plants must be built. All this requires steel and concrete, highways, railroads, and trucks. To be sure, the people of India, for example, might not need to attain Japan's level of industrialization in order to obtain Japanese levels of crop yield (which are about the highest in the world), but they will nevertheless need a level of industrialization that turns out to be surprisingly high.

Colin Clark, the director of the Agricultural Economics Research Institute of Oxford and a noted enthusiast for large populations, estimates that, given this new agricultural land and a level of industrialization sufficiently high to apply Japanese standards of farming, close to thirty billion persons could be supported on a Western European diet. Were people to content themselves with a Japanese diet, which contains little animal protein, he estimates that 100 billion persons could be supported.

To those who feel that life under such circumstances might be rather crowded, I should like to point out that even at the higher population level, the mean density of human beings over the land areas of the Earth would be no more than that which exists today in the belt along the Eastern Seaboard between Boston and Washington, D.C., where the average density is now 2,000 persons per square mile and where many people live quite comfortably. After all, Hong Kong has a population density of about 13,000 persons per square mile (nearly six times greater), and I understand that there are numerous happy people there.

Of course, such a society would need to expend a great deal of energy in order to manufacture, transport, and distribute the fertilizers, pesticides, herbicides, water, foodstuffs, and countless associated raw materials and products that would be necessary.

In the United States we currently consume energy equivalent to the burning of twelve-and-a-half short tons of coal per person per year. This quantity is bound to increase in the future as we find it necessary to process lower-grade ores, as we expend greater effort on controlling pollution (which would otherwise increase enormously), and as we recover additional quantities of potable water from the sea. Dr. Alvin Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory, and his associates estimate that such activities will cost several additional tons of coal per person per year, and they suggest that for safety we budget twenty-five tons of coal per person per year in order to maintain our present material standard of living. Since we are a magnanimous people, we would not tolerate a double standard of living (a rich one for us and a poor one for others); so I will assume that this per capita level of energy expenditure will be characteristic of the world as a whole.

It has been estimated that the world's total usable coal reserve is on the order of 7,600 billion tons. This amount would last a population of thirty billion persons only ten years and a population of 100 billion only three years. Clearly, long before such population levels are reached, man must look elsewhere for his energy supplies.

Fortunately, technology once again gets us out of our difficulty, for nuclear fuels are available to us in virtually limitless quantities in the form of uranium and thorium for fission, and possibly in the form of deuterium for fusion. The Conway granite in New Hampshire could alone provide fuel for a population of twenty billion persons for 200 years. When we run out of high-grade granites, we can move on

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to process low-grade granites. Waste rock can be dumped into the holes from which it came and can be used to create new land areas on bays and on the continental shelf. Waste fission products can be stored in old salt mines.

Actually, a major shift to nuclear fuel might well be necessary long before our supplies of fossil fuels are exhausted. The carbon dioxide concentration in our atmosphere is rapidly increasing as a result of our burning of coal, petroleum, and natural gas, and it is destined to increase still more rapidly in the future. More than likely, any such increase will have a deleterious effect upon our climate, and if this turns out to be the case, use of those fuels will probably be restricted.

Thus, we see that in theory there should be little difficulty in feeding a world population of thirty billion or even 100 billion persons and in providing it with the necessities of life. But can we go even further?

With respect to food, once again technology can come to our rescue, for we have vast areas of the seas to fertilize and farm. Even more important, we will be able to produce synthetic foods in quantity. The constituents of our common oils and fats can already be manufactured on a substantial scale for human consumption and animal feeds. In the not too distant future, we should be able to synthetically produce complete, wholesome foods, thus bypassing the rather cumbersome process of photosynthesis.

Far more difficult than the task of feeding people will be that of cooling the Earth, of dissipating the heat generated by nuclear power plants. It has been suggested that if we were to limit our total energy generation to no more than 5 per cent of the incident solar radiation, little harm would be done. The mean surface temperature of the Earth would rise by about 6 degrees F. A temperature rise much greater than this could be extremely dangerous and should not be permitted until we have learned more about the behavior of our ocean/atmosphere system.

Of course, there will be local heating problems in the vicinity of the power stations. Dr. Weinberg suggests a system of "nuclear parks," each producing about forty million kilowatts of electricity and located on the coast or offshore. A population of 333 billion persons would require 65,000 such parks. The continental United States, with a projected population of close to twenty-five billion persons, would require nearly 5,000 parks spaced at twenty-mile intervals along its coastline.

Again, I want to allay the fears of those who worry about crowding. A population of 333 billion spread uniformly over the land areas of the Earth would give us a population density of only 6,000 persons per square mile, which, after all, is only somewhat greater than the population density in the city of Los Angeles. Just imagine the thrill of flying from Los Angeles to New York and having the landscape look like Los Angeles all the way. Imagine the excitement of driving from Los Angeles to New York on a Santa Monica Freeway 2,800 miles long.

A few years ago Dr. J. H. Fremlin of the University of Birmingham analyzed the problem of population density and concluded that several stages of development might be possible beyond the several-hundred-billion-person level of population. He conceives of hermetically sealing the outer surface of the planet and of using pumps to transfer heat to the solid outer skin from which it would be radiated directly into space. Combining this with a roof over the oceans to prevent excessive evaporation of water and to provide additional living space, he feels it would be possible to accommodate about 100 persons per square yard, thus giving a total population of about sixty million billion persons. But, frankly, I consider this proposal visionary. Being basically conservative, I doubt that the human population will ever get much above the 333-billion-person level.

Now some readers might be thinking that I am writing nonsense, and they are right. My facts are correct; the conclusions I have drawn from those facts are correct. Yet, I have truthfully been writing nonsense. Specifically, I have given only *some* of the facts. Those facts that I have omitted alter the conclusions considerably.

I have presented only what is deemed possible by scientists from an energetic or thermodynamic point of view. An analogy would be for me to announce that I have calculated that in principle all men should be able to leap ten feet into the air. Obviously, such an announcement would not be followed by a sudden, frenzied, worldwide demonstration of people showing their leaping capabilities. Some people have sore feet; others have inadequate muscles; most haven't the slightest desire to leap into the air. The calculation might be correct, but the enthusiasm for jumping and the ability to jump might be very low. The problem is the behavior of people rather than that of inanimate matter.

We are confronted by the brutal fact that humanity today doesn't really know how to cope with the problems presented by three-and-a-half billion persons, let alone 333 billion. More than two-thirds of the present human population is poor in the material sense and is malnourished. The affluent one-third is, with breathtaking

(*Continued on page* 29)

"You ask him if he'll haggle, Annie."

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Saturday Review

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Visit to DRF

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.

One of our purposes in coming to Santa Barbara was to express our thanks to a remarkable, compassionate enterprise that goes by the name of the Direct Relief Foundation. The DRF provided medical supplies to Aid to Biafran Children, a project made possible by *SR*'s readers and carried out by *SR*'s editors during the recent civil strife in Nigeria. Through ABC, thousands of Biafran children were treated for kwashiorkor, anemia, malaria, and other diseases caused by hunger, homelessness, and the tumult of conflict in an equatorial African country.

We had first learned about DRF from Dr. Omar Fareed, who had a major role in the direction and operation of *SR*'s Biafran medical program. Dr. Fareed had told us that DRF sent millions of dollars' worth of drugs and facilities each year to projects such as ours in various parts of the world. Not until I visited the large warehouse-like structure where DRF is housed, however, did I realize just how extraordinary an undertaking DRF is.

Our guide through DRF headquarters was Dennis G. Karzag, who for twenty-five years has been executive secretary of the Foundation. Mr. Karzag escorted us through the mammoth, single-level establishment that serves as the processing center for a vast quantity of drugs and medical supplies. We had the feeling, in walking through the center, that we had come upon a vast staging area for the final battle against human disease. Medicines and hospital equipment were deployed for instant action.

The drugs processed here are collected by women volunteers throughout the country. It is customary for pharmaceutical companies to send drug samples of all sorts to individual physicians. The women visit the offices of doctors, tell the story of DRF, and are successful, in most cases, in getting the doctors to agree to turn over their drug samples to DRF.

How are the drugs thus collected sent to Santa Barbara? An ingenious transportation system has been worked out under which women aviators fly the drugs to Santa Barbara in relay stages from various points in the country. Some 900 American women pilots participate in this program. The average distance covered by an air relay unit is about 150 miles. Thus a package of drugs donated in, say, Montclair, New Jersey, will be shuttled across the country by ten or more women pilots, most of whom own their own planes. At the Santa Barbara airport, the packages are picked up by DRF trucks. At headquarters, the individual drugs are inspected and sorted by both volunteers and professional workers. Some 1,500 individual bins accommodate the bewildering assortment of medical products accessible to the modern physician —including steroids, intravenous solutions, vitamins, anesthetics, and soaps.

Eventually, various combinations of these drugs find their way to the packing and shipping room, where DRF carpenters and packers make their own watertight crates. The labels on the crates read like a Baedeker guide to faraway places. During my visit, I saw labels carrying the names of hospitals with addresses such as Zuma Memorial Hospital, Irrua, Benin Province, Nigeria; Damien Leprosy Centre, Vegavaram, Gopannapalem P.O. Eluru, W.G. DT; St. Paul's Hospital, Tongdaemunku, Seoul, Korea; Department of Health, Field Operations, Negros Occidental, Philippines; McKean Leprosy Hospital, Chiengmai, Thailand.

Not all the medicaments distributed by DRF are unused physician's samples. Millions of dollars' worth of drugs are contributed directly by pharmaceutical companies. Also contributed to DRF by American hospital supply manufacturers or hospitals themselves are various items of equipment—dentist's chairs, x-ray machines, hospital beds, operating tables, surgical instruments, electrocardiograph machines, and sundry diagnostic devices. These are put in good repair and are processed for shipment to hospitals unable to meet their long-range medical needs.

The work of DRF began in 1945 when William Zimdin, a refugee from Estonia, started sending medicines and clothing to displaced persons in Europe. Since that time some 1,600 hospitals in Latin America, Southeast Asia, the Far East, and Africa have been helped by DRF. The number of patients receiving medicines or food supplied by DRF runs into the millions every year. Not all of them are in hospitals. As in the case of *SR*'s Aid to Biafran Children program, medical care is also administered under emergency field conditions. DRF each year meets requests for disaster relief due to epidemics, floods, tornadoes, and earthquakes. Volunteer doctors are sent to medically needy areas under the auspices of Aesculapian International, a division of DRF.

The work of DRF is made possible through voluntary donations and field work. *SR*'s editors are grateful to DRF for its assistance to its Biafran project and have no hesitation in commending the organization to its readers.

—N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Visions of Television

ONE MIGHT WONDER if the first sentence and the last of Nicholas Johnson's article "Test Pattern for Living" [*SR*, May 29] are (or might be) linked by that process which Jerome S. Bruner describes as "the left hand trying to transmit to the right," the "left hand" being intuitive thinking and the "right hand" being orderly processes of thought. Because if we, as a nation, as individuals, as humane beings, are to recover the ethical concepts of Jeffersonian democracy, the mass media *must be* one of the catalytic elements.

What I dare to suggest is the television eye entering into those precincts and palace rooms where the decisions are made that influence my life, your life, and the lives of our children. We *must* have a national and (later on) a global "town meeting." And with no more than a bit of inventiveness and the constructive use of *our* tax monies, each and every citizen could register, at once, his or her reactions to those decisions.

Nick Johnson, commissioner, philosopher, my fellow human: You must not "play it cool." You must passionately make use of your influence to reach the "99.99 per cent" who do not read *SR* but who faithfully watch television. Intellectuals can no longer enjoy "private" conversations and the quiet exchange of "Ideas." Action, man! Lest we all soon be lost beneath the rubble and the ruin of the Mass Technocracy.

HARRY BEDFORD,
Escondido, Calif.

NICHOLAS JOHNSON told the simple truth without stating it: With the self-discovery that comes with contemplation, contact with nature, and performance of life-support activities also comes the discovery that television watching is unnecessary.

DAVID L. NAHRWOLD,
Hershey, Pa.

OK, so Nicholas Johnson thinks bicycling and camping provide more enrichment than the boob-tube. Granted, but I feel we desperately need a commissioner of the FCC who watches more TV.

DONALD A. WINDSOR,
Norwich, N. Y.

REGARDING the article by Nicholas Johnson: Right on! Write on! Ride on!

DONALD A. LABRENZ,
Seattle, Wash.

Like Father, Like Son?

RE: N.C.'s editorial "California's Isla Vista: 'From Anathema to Dialogue'" [*SR*, June 5]. N. C.'s description of a new and responsible type of student activist is reassuring. But does it square with the facts about these people? Can we trust N. C.'s vision of the sudden emergence of a group of super students? For several reasons I believe his notion of these students' exceptional morality has about as much truth to it as the persistent complaint in one generation after another that their offspring are inevitably wicked or lazy.

There is no evidence that this young generation has a higher average IQ or does better in college than its GI Bill dads did. That they are more sophisticated, if this means tasteful and well-mannered, is doubtful. The special moral excellence and extraordinary powers of detecting and rejecting political evil given to them by N. C. are taken away from by other distasteful facts. For example, this generation has by all accounts an epidemic addiction to hard drugs. It is the age group highest in criminal activity, and in auto accidents and deaths. In Isla Vista it was the group who were eyewitnesses by the hundreds to all kinds of felonies, bombing, arson, etc., but who refused to come forward to help police find these "extremists" (N. C.'s euphemism).

Can we believe N. C., then, that these youngsters of the affluent society, protected from economic hardships and any productive work, who generally have experienced no delay in the instant gratification of their desires, have somehow developed the ethical rectitude he sees in them? Can anyone doubt they must have changes in both the university and society to eliminate further interference with their life-style? Is there doubt they need a state lobby to obtain these changes, and to make sure the county police forces are "upgraded"?

I would say the majority of *SR* readers doubt this. If so, it would be fair to have more than the one-sided depictions of "Isla Vista world-savers" we have got in the past. It seems to me that the facts of the matter indicate that these students will probably do no better or worse with the world than did their dads.

PATRICK GROFF,
San Diego State College,
San Diego, Calif.

Scents and Sensibility

RE: David Butwin's "Redbud Time in Blues Town" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, May 29]. *SR*'s Travel Editor certainly has a fine literary style, but I cannot say much for his sense of smell. ("On American Airlines flight #341 from New York to Memphis I can already smell the dogwood. . . .")

Dogwoods do not have a scent. A newly developed strain, the Cloud 9 pink dogwood, is reported to have a faint scent, although some horticulturists tend to think it imaginary. As a native Southerner, I could suggest that it's actually the air down here that smells sweet—particularly if compared to New York's air.

MARGARET SCHOCK,
Huntsville, Ala.

"Lower the portcullis. Here comes the community!"

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

An Interloper in Wechsberg Country

THE OTHER SUNDAY, in one of its more inspired bits of imaginative casting, *The New York Times* had Marcia Davenport reviewing Joseph Wechsberg's new book on Prague. It was Miss Davenport who had left her good friend Jan Masaryk in Prague that day in 1948 expecting him to meet her a few days thence in London. And it was Miss Davenport, when Masaryk fell to his death from his bathroom window in Prague, who was left with the end of a love story and all the bittersweet memories of Prague still alive.

A certain bittersweet aura, no matter one's connections with the city, hangs over Prague like the threat of an August thunderstorm that may spoil the picnic and yet bring with it a sudden cooling and the sweet smells that rise from the earth when showers fall.

The sadness of the city is mixed with its glory in proportions that change. One only knows that the sadness evanesces, but the glory endures. "A thousand years may be, scripturally, as a day. In Prague many a day has dawned in idealism or confusion or violence, whose end could not be foreseen. Nor can any day in the life of this beautiful, baleful, magical city," writes Miss Davenport.

With all its intricacies and involvements, its fusions and confusions of baroque and romanesque and Gothic, its tortuous line of history that twists and turns and backs up on itself, its subtle nuances, its sureness in cultivated purlieus, its unfailing poise so patently identified with the sure-footed *vieux riche*, Prague is the very centrum of Wechsberg country.

Life starts and ends and is kindled again at Hradčany, which Marcia Davenport so properly refers to as a cathedral-fortress. It dominates the city like a stern matriarch, houses the President, and takes as a mother to its pillowy bosom all the visitors who come to plumb the historic depths of Prague. The gates of Hradčany are guarded by two stony-faced young sentries in olive drab, their black-gloved hands clutching submachine guns. They are there to protect the President, whose personal flag flies from the tower. "Ultimately the truth" says the motto on the flag, but there is no one to say how long is "Ultimately."

The first bastions of the Hrad, or castle, were built on the commanding

Charles Bridge—"ultimate setting for the chase scene of a spy thriller laid in Central Europe."

heights by the Czech princes to defend the eastern extremities of the lands where the tribe of Czech Slavs had come to live. From the ninth century when the first castle rose to command as well the trade routes to the east, the Czech princes began to embrace, forcefully or affectionately, other tribes until at last, under Charles IV, Prague's castle became the seat of the Holy Roman Empire. Here the Emperors-elect came to be crowned and the young Czech princes dreamed, and perhaps connived, of being King of Bohemia and walking the triumphal coronation promenade. Cooks and tailors, artists and musicians, dancers and drummers all came as courtiers to the King of Bohemia and thus became "bohemians," giving a new meaning to a term that has outlived the empire.

The Habsburgs arrived in 1526 and stayed until 1918, but they ruled from Vienna. Bohemia became something of a province of the Austro-Hungarian Empire and Hradčany lost some of its importance, though never its domination of the city. The gold from Spanish America—Spain, too, was under Habsburg rule—enriched the churches of Prague, gave it monuments to the Middle Ages, which, the guides are fond of pointing out, even Paris doesn't have.

It took six centuries to build the Cathedral of St. Vitus, which some wry observers insist is not too long if one considers the rate at which the city's new housing and its promised new Inter-Kontinental Hotel are being completed. On coronation days the golden gate, decorated with gilded mosaics, would be opened, and the king-designate would be borne on a sedan chair carried by eight ranking nobles to a marble platform inside the cathedral. Kings would be buried here, too, not the least of them Charles IV, whose tomb, in the interests of scientific research, was opened in 1928. Charles, it turned out, was only five feet, seven inches tall.

Within the castle compound the favorite alley is the tiny Golden Lane, where the alchemists lived trying to find a chemical way of making gold and enriching the royal coffers. The little houses later became the quarters of the royal horse guards and, still later, nests for courtesans. Drawn by all this romantic memory, Franz Kafka lived here for a time in the blue house that bears the sign Zdezil Franz Kafka. A few dusty souvenirs and some postcards are offered by shopkeepers. The pickings are scanty, and it is a desultory business.

Unlike most castle compounds, Hradčany is sprinkled with taverns and restaurants. Golden Lane has a tidy grill room called U Zlaté Uličky, which has small tables, large glasses of beer, and a tolerable menu. On Vikářská Street on the north side of the cathedral, the Vikářská is a typical tavern which over the years has attracted the artists and writers, anyone from Picasso to Josephine Baker, Louis Aragon and Pablo Casals and Oistrakh. Dutifully they signed their celebrated names on the walls. A new regime, either in the restaurant or in the Presidential castle, has had them painted over. The Pilsner still flows, however, and with it there is a lunchtime menu of Rumanian frankfurters, veal steak, and gypsy razhnitchi *garni*, which is pieces of pork, veal, chicken, and mutton—assumedly, whatever was available in whosever larder the gypsy had access.

Like New York, which is really a conglomerate of five boroughs, Prague is a federation of four towns that were bound together in 1784. The four are explored separately by guides from Čedok, the national travel agency. First there is the hilltop town of Hradčany. The streets that slope from the castle-fortress down to the banks of the Vltava River form the Lesser Town (some call it the Little Town). It is honeycombed with palaces and gardens, a number of which have become embassies. The U.S. Embassy at Trzšté

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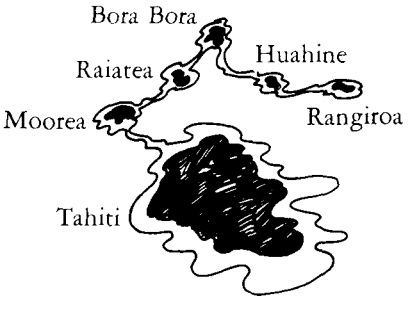

She lives on a remote island in French Polynesia and never saw a tourist until now.

It first happened on December 12, 1970. The cruise ship, Pacific Star, anchored near a little-known island in the Tuamotu Archipelago. Passengers went ashore in the ship's launch to spend the day.

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WESTOURS

DES Pacific Star registered in Panama

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15, in the Malá Strana (or Lesser Town) section, is a baroque palace and a seven-acre terraced garden and orchard that were originally owned by a Habsburg general during the Thirty Years' War. It was bought in 1920 by Richard Crane, the first American Minister to Prague, who sold it to the U.S. government five years later. A formidable American enclave, it holds the embassy, the consulate, the library, an elementary school, and fourteen apartments for embassy employees. (American visitors to Czechoslovakia are invited to register by mail, phone, or personal visit.

The celebrated link to the Old Town is the Charles Bridge with its towers on either end and the walkway lined with thirty statues and sculpture groups blackened with the grime of age. The work of twenty-seven-year-old Peter Parler, it was begun in 1357, but the statuary was added later, mostly in the early 1700s. Whatever fusion of periods it may represent, it is a charming and romantic span that seems the ultimate setting for the chase scene of a spy thriller laid in Central Europe.

Certainly it is a bridge for walkers, dreamers, and those who would pause, contemplate the saints, stare into the Vltava below, and commune with some other time in history. The bridge serves the added function of leading one into Old Town Square, the very heart of the old Prague and the center of Old Town. Gothic, Renaissance, baroque and rococo facades rise on every side. Monuments vie for attention with the scurrying cast of players, among them burly Russian officers carrying souvenir packages of Czech glass and black marketeers who whisper hoarse promises of favorable currency exchanges in your ear as you unsuspectingly stand with your camera raised to the eye, ready to engrave the scene on Kodacolor 120.

Newlyweds spill out of Town Hall, which was built about 1380 and nearly destroyed when Prague rose in the final spring days of 1945 with the city still in German hands, the Russians still in Berlin, and George Patton held in check at Pilsen, about sixty miles away. Seventy thousand volumes, mostly archives of the city, went up in smoke, and the fire melted the bell that had been cast in 1313.

With it all went some of the records of the violence that has surrounded the Town Hall. There were nearly as many executions in the square in front of the Tower as took place in the Place de la Concorde during the French Revolution. Not the least of them was the execution of sixty followers of Jan Hus, the Bohemian reformer, who was himself burned at the stake at Constance in 1415. A dramatic statue to his memory was put up in the square 500 years later and remains still as the dominant figure in the plaza.

For a time Jan Hus Monument was challenged for pure size by a statue of Josef Stalin, which, until it was removed after Khrushchev's speech at the twentieth party congress, was the largest Stalin statue in the world. The stone base, as if waiting for some other hero, still remains.

Although Prague had difficulties balancing its Christian religions, it provided a sanctuary for Jews at the end of the thirteenth century. Settling as traders along the Vltava, they established contacts with the Russians. As trade agents they did a brisk turn in furs, but their prosperity incited the envy of others and they were pushed into a ghetto and hemmed in by walls. Bohemian dealers took over the trade, and the Jews became merchants and then money lenders.

Unable to bury their dead outside the walls, the Jews were obliged to bury them in layers inside the ghetto. The cemetery, now the oldest in Europe, has as many as seven layers of remains and masses of headstones, of which the oldest, that of the poet Abigdor Karo, dates from 1439. The cemetery is near the celebrated Old-New Synagogue, the oldest in Europe, which was built about 1270. Within its Gothic confines the elders sat in pews. The seat marked with the six-pointed star belonged to the celebrated Rabbi Loew, a man of eminent learning and keen wisdom who lived in the middle 1500s. The legend says that Rabbi Loew created Golem, a sort of cross between Aladdin and a robot that he fashioned of clay. The rabbi would place a parchment in the mouth of the Golem, and the figure would rise and do his bidding. Of this thread of a tale, books and plays have been fashioned through the centuries.

The Golem has been hunted, and so have the secret writings that the rabbi wrote on the parchment, but neither was ever found. His grave is said to be the repository of treasures left by Jews before their departure for the Nazi concentration camps. The grave is still visited by the superstitious and the hopeful, who write little pleas and slip them into the cracks in the tomb. It is said that the rabbi's mail is heavy before the school exams but becomes a torrent in the spring when lovers' hearts are full of urgent wishes.

The Jewish quarter is but a step away from the new Inter-Kontinental, the modern American hotel that is creeping toward completion on a prime site overlooking the river. It is still a long way from greeting its first guest, and those travelers who come now would do best, if modern quarters are preferred, to seek lodgings in the Park Hotel. Snappy, white, new, and antiseptic, it has a snack bar in the lobby, a grill room with counter service, and a serene dining salon as well. Away from the whirl of the center of the city, it charges $10 for a double room for two, breakfast included, or $14 for suites. It is popular with West Germans.

At the other end of the scale from the Park is the old Alcron, a dour repository fitted out in dusty plush on a side street off Wenceslas Square. For reasons unclear it seems to be a hotel preferred by the diplomatic corps, but its charms are lost on me. In *Too Strong for Fantasy*, the personal record of her life and times, which appeared in 1967, Marcia Davenport called the Alcron "the archetype of ugliest Central European Bauhaus architecture . . . a dungeon of dark gray concrete. . . ." It hasn't gotten much better. The rooms are adequate but seedy. The lobby is grim and hung with heavy velvet. Correspondents, diplomats, visiting Congressmen convene at the tables during the cocktail hour. The kitchen is creditable, and a tired covey of musicians grinds out an assortment of elderly tunes.

Perhaps the best bet until the Inter-Kontinental opens is the Jalta, which occupies a prime location on Wenceslas Square. It charges $21 a day for two with breakfast, has a formal dining room with acres of space between the tables, and the signs that say Hertz, American Express, and Carte Blanche are a voice from home amid the alien fields.

WIT TWISTER #223

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

No _ _ _ _ _ was she, though much by men adored.

Her soul's dark _ _ _ _ _ she prettily deplored,

While hiding it from sight behind bright gems

Or _ _ _ _ _ gowns and dazzling diadems.

—A. S.

(*Answers on page* 52)

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Suicidal Stings of Truth

by EMILE CAPOUYA

THE SCORPION
or The Imaginary Confession

by Albert Memmi
translated from the French by
Eleanor Levieux

Orion/Grossman, 242 pp., $8.95

Albert Memmi had written two novels, *The Pillar of Salt* and *Strangers*, drawn more directly than most from personal experience, when he found another form—no less imaginative—in which to recast and reflect upon the stuff of his own history. He published that remarkable essay, *The Colonizer and the Colonized*, a worthy pendant to Frantz Fanon's *The Wretched of the Earth*. Fanon's polemical masterpiece has since gone round the world; assimilated, or simply bolted whole, it has inspired the new moods of nationalism and colonial revolt in Canada and the United States; in addition, it has been adapted in accordance with the exigencies of social struggle in Africa, Asia, and Latin America. Of the two, Fanon's essay is the more violent and paradoxical, and the more political in that it analyzes, in particular, negative elements in the liberation movements that were scarcely discernible when Fanon wrote but have since arisen to remind us that revolutions are a feature not of legend but of history, and subject to the changes and chances that beset human enterprises. *The Colonizer and the Colonized*, so much milder, so much more personal a book, so much less influential than Fanon's, corroborates with its firm and modest testimony Fanon's essential themes. Out of his experience, Albert Memmi had created a sociology, precisely, of the colonizer and the colonized—one that we Americans can recognize as true to the terms of our own life, though he was writing of Algeria and Tunisia.

Memmi has published further interpretive and speculative works, of which seven have appeared in this country, among them *Portrait of a Jew*. In all of these Memmi appears to have taken his own history as his starting point rather than an abstract, merely literary idea or conviction. To follow so simple-minded a program is easy—and successful on condition that the author have more than ordinary insight into the meaning of his own adventures. And, really, it does seem that Memmi's self-confidence in this respect has been justified by the results. So we are not dismayed to learn that his latest work, a novel, bears the subtitle "or The Imaginary Confession." In this case, the confession is something more than a narrative device; it is a "dialogue of self and soul" that the author presents largely in his own person. With another writer we might take to our heels at the outset, but we have faith in Memmi. How does he reward it?

What an advantage for a writer to have passionate people to write about—in a setting, moreover, that makes it natural for them to express their passions in their speech and actions, so that the author need not forever be giving tiresome explanations of what they think, what their words mean, how we are to interpret their gestures. Albert Memmi enjoys that advantage as his birthright, it would seem; he was born in Tunis, into a family of North African Jews, and grew to manhood in a milieu—Jewish, Arab, Mediterranean—whose manners, while by no means an indication of shallow character, are nevertheless sufficiently marked, open, and accessible to require no labored interpretation. With such materials at hand, Memmi is superb as a reciter of what are, after all, simply anecdotes. He tells them with the authority of a man who has first of all been stirred himself by their

EMILE CAPOUYA was recently appointed literary editor of *The Nation*.

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emblematic character. His tone of conviction invites us to accept them more or less as parables, whose possible meanings interest and comfort us even though we guess rather than perceive them, and what we guess at may be double and contradictory. That talent for the expressive speech, incident, or tableau is doubly fortunate since Memmi is inclined, at least in this novel, to be somewhat overintellectual in his interests and to display an overly calculated machinery—I cannot tell and it makes no difference whether he elaborates it spontaneously or as a result of painful effort. Such a display of subtlety ought to be enough to sink any novel, one would imagine. But his is bold and vigorous, because the lively presence of his characters, his grave utterance, and his striking fables are proof against his metaphysical impulses, which tend to be argumentative rather than visionary.

Take that famous scorpion. Encircled by live coals, it turns its sting against itself. An image of the Stoic throwing himself upon his sword when life can no longer be borne? Or merely a brute writhing in the heat till it stabs itself in its spasms? Or are the two possibilities really distinct, after all? As we see, the symbol and the debate are grown somewhat musty with long keeping. But Memmi presents the legend of the scorpion's suicide more or less formally as the image of the artist's fate: the writer in particular, tormented by the world, at length delivers himself of truths that in one sense or another are likely to prove fatal to him. Now, the notion of the artist's mission as amounting necessarily to a kind of self-immolation is both overblown and historically specific, appropriate only to those periods when the discipline of art necessarily runs counter to the general current of social pressures. We are certainly living in such a period, and the strain between the demands of art and those of society are so patent that the best artists are often driven to make that very theme the subject of their art—as Memmi has, not in this parable alone, but in the novel as a whole. As it happens, that theme is, for strong psychological reasons, nearly as fatal to the purposes of art as the scorpion's sting. But how does Memmi redeem the subject, at least in terms of the scorpion-parable? Through two allegories included among the *disjecta membra* that make up his epilogue.

The first is of a king—mythical, contemporary—who has armed the palace soldiery with two swords, one long, one short. A counselor congratulates him on the tactical innovation: one sword for engaging the enemy at the normal distance, the other for stabbing in what boxers call the clinch, fencers the *corps à corps*. The king assents, but reveals his inmost thought—that when overwhelmed the soldiers may more conveniently take their own lives with the dirk or dagger provided. But they are not to be told that the weapon is intended for that eventuality, since it would make them faint-hearted beforehand. How, then, will they know when the time comes to use it? In that moment, the king says, they will discover its use. To gloss the fable baldly, the artist-scorpion does not fully understand how fatal are his weapons, how defective his clear-sightedness in one capital instance. In other words, Memmi mitigates the self-importance of his own claim to special vision by an ironic suggestion that it is incomplete and, if a "gift," one whose meaning he will discover after a lifetime of fighting, and then only in defeat.

The second parable speaks directly of the scorpion, and is the last passage in the novel. The animal, it appears, does not generally die, but is merely made comatose by his sting. The man who exhibits the scorpion in the ring of fire waits for the spectators to disperse and then takes the performer home in the expectation that he will recover to be exhibited again. Or, the artist kills himself a little in each of his works, and gains his living by those little deaths until the very last one. And, Memmi hints further, any artist in particular is not the only one engaged in the business, but he must compete with others for the privilege of that long dying.

With such telling ingenuities Memmi enlivens the story of a family of North African Jews named Memmi, one of whom is a writer, like himself, and another a doctor, an oculist, a man who treats defects of vision—like himself in his more pretentious moments. The two, moreover, are brothers, as if to emphasize the complementarity of sight and insight. The writer, Emile, has disappeared, perhaps forever, and left behind essays, vignettes, journals. His physician-brother is engaged in arranging and annotating those literary fragments, while at the same time his own fate as a man caught up in the revolution against the French is unfolding. A somewhat unimaginative technician, he nevertheless incarnates a historical and personal paradox—that of a nationalist, a bourgeois, and a Jew in a society that is predominantly nationalist, proletarian, and Arab. Reproducing and commenting on Emile's writings require three different type-faces—and the reader is relieved to learn from the many-personed author that though he should have liked to have had the book printed in various colors, appropriate to the moods of successive sections of narrative, the publisher had declared the scheme impractical. The three typefaces, black on white, are burden enough. Luckily, the words so variously figured forth have been most ably translated by Miss Eleanor Levieux.

As he begins his editorial labors, the physician is puzzled, skeptical, and impatient, and his great concern is to curb Emile's flights by describing in no-nonsense terms the events of their common life that provided the materials for the writer's art. As he immerses himself more deeply in the writings, and experiences in his own life the disconcerting effects of political and social revolution, he becomes more sympathetic to his brother's reworking of reality for the purposes of literature—that is to say, for the purposes of deep reflection on the meaning of experience. At last, he identifies himself wholly with Emile's vision.

A complicated story. But it would be wrong to leave this interesting and provoking novel without commenting on a great anomaly. Amid so much lucidity, significant and otherwise, amid so much conscious play of intelligence, there is one instance of incomprehension or unconsciousness that has, I think, a quite general significance. Two chapters are devoted to "women." In one a hunchbacked musician of Emile's acquaintance delivers rhapsodies—heartfelt and stirring—on the subject. In another, Emile himself recounts episodes of his own experiences with women, and borrows the musician's tone of prayerful reverie in discussing women in general. To speak plainly, these two chapters are composed of sexual fantasies of a kind that, in our Western culture at least, are universal with one-half the population—the males. The mood of these fantasies is one of epileptic rapture provoked by an image of woman as an object simply of impersonal lust. It is really a variety of fetishism that considers neither personality nor circumstance, and accordingly is very close to—perhaps identical with—the principle of pornography. For it is worth remarking that when a writer of pornography sets out to exhibit character or the happenings of ordinary life, the traits or events he introduces do not in fact particularize a human being but render more abstract, more amenable to consideration from a single, obsessive point of view a person

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who has in fact no other role to play.

Now, here is the oddity in Memmi's novel: Whenever women appear as characters, and are actually on-stage, speaking and acting with the conviction lent them by an accomplished artist, they bear no discernible relation to the women of Emile's erotic imaginings. Even in the case of Emile's wife, who scarcely appears at all, we know we are in the presence of a real woman, with a mind, a history, human attachments, a human fate. Astonishing.

It shouldn't be, since this is after all a familiar experience. Woman in the abstract—matter for the pornographic imagination. Woman in her own person—a presence that renders irrelevant the exercise of the pornographic imagination. With the added complication that there are some men who cannot distinguish one from the other, but see in the living woman no more than the image of their desire. And of course it is just our familiarity with this experience that makes it virtually imperceptible under ordinary circumstances. Here an author has juxtaposed the living woman and the sexual wraith in the one novel, celebrated the barren image in the language of transport, but poured his genuinely fecundating energies into the human being—and seems unaware of the paradox.

Is this not most strange? My instinct is that the matter is of capital importance. To put it in literary terms, the scorpion's sting, the coupling of death and art, the coupling of love and death that is characteristic of our cultural tradition, has everything to do with the defeat of life implicit in the conception of sexuality displayed so clearly here. In human terms it is enough in itself to account for the profound intrinsic pessimism of the Western spirit, confirmed rather than relieved by Faustian visions of power and mastery.

The question is, are these patent evidences of impaired spiritual health things that may possibly be amended by our taking thought? Are they, at least in part, conventional rather than natural? To say "no" forecloses the issue, and, I think, condemns us to suffer that spiritual disease quite without hope of remission. To say "perhaps" is better strategy—particularly since it would scarcely have occurred to us to entertain these considerations had they not been placed on the historical agenda, as it were, by the new spirit that has arisen among us. I mean of course the spirit behind the movement for women's liberation, which is properly a movement for the liberation of the species, attended though it has been by folly, and greeted chiefly with derision—the usual harbingers of a decisive change in our conception of humanity.

Book Business

Alan Green

If you're wondering how fares the First Amendment, consider:

1) In Queens, a borough of New York City, the board of a community school district, by a five-to-four vote, has removed from the shelves of its largely white, middle-class junior high school libraries Piri Thomas's *Down These Mean Streets*, published in hardcover by Alfred A. Knopf, in paperback by New American Library, and described by the American Library Association as "One of the Notable Books of 1967." Case for the book: It honestly and vividly portrays ghetto existence in its author's Spanish-Harlem, providing a glimpse of a life-style unknown to those who have never seen the inside of a slum. Case against the book: It contains four-letter language teenagers shouldn't know. Hah! And it also contains scenes of hetero and homo sex which no teen-ager has ever seen unless accompanied to the movies by an adult. In early May, the Queens board voted on a new resolution—to keep the book locked away in principals' offices, where parents could borrow it, read it and, if they chose, pass it on to the child. This half-measure failed later in May and succeeded in June, but the book still remains off the libraries' shelves. As this column goes to press, a federal judge is weighing a motion to set aside the ban. Even if he does, the opponents of the book will doubtless appeal, and the freedom to read will—as so often—continue to totter on the brink.

2) In Groton, Connecticut, the February 1971 issue of *Evergreen* magazine, along with three underground periodicals, was removed from the public library while two John Birch-type journals remained. This action was approved by a six-to-three vote of the library board. No adversary hearing was conducted, hence no legal appeal was possible, and due process went begging. In other communities, recently, similar bannings have been effected through attacks on library budgets and by threats of building violations by watch-and-ward-minded building inspectors and fire chiefs.

3) And, in Pontiac, Michigan, a County Circuit Court judge found Kurt Vonnegut's *Slaughterhouse Five* "a degradation of the person of Christ" and banned it from a high school library after suit had been brought against Rochester High School by the father of a student. The school board is appealing the decision to the Michigan Court of Appeals in a brief to be filed about the time this column appears. While the court studies the case, it might also consider a letter written to BOOK FORUM by Margaret P. Brown of Summerland Key, Florida, concerning *SR*'s cover feature on Vonnegut May 1. She writes: "As a grandmother who has been a Vonnegut fan for five years, I ask that you please realize that the young are not the only ones who appreciate him!" How's that for a ready-made *amicus curiae*?

How much can its title affect the sale of a novel? False prophets (I was one of them) maintained that you couldn't sell anything called *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh*; the seemingly irresistible title *Memoirs of a Woman of Pleasure* has been generally disregarded for most of its 222 years in favor of *Fanny Hill*. All this as preface to the fact that in your bookshop and library is a new suspense novel, *Photographs Have Been Sent to Your Wife*. The book's editor, Lee Wright of Random House, knew the title was perfect and proved it. Well before publication date, she called Peggy Roth at Dell and, telling her nothing else about the book, sold the reprint rights instantly. Can the movie sale be far behind?

Lee has another rather good title coming along in about six months. *All Right, Everybody Off the Planet!* is the story of a being from outer space who gets sent to Earth equipped with human form and faultless English. (Berlitz is opening up *everywhere*.) The being is the forerunner of an invasion from his speck in the galaxy; his mission is to get an advance story of the invasion into *Time*. So he lands on the roof of the Time-Life Building and, extricating himself from the air-conditioning machinery, goes downstairs and gets an editorial job. How—or if—he makes out with his researcher, Lee didn't tell me. Yes, she did. Seems his human form wasn't *entirely* workable.

If the avant-garde won't die, will it ever surrender? This question was implied in three recent encounters. The first was with the head of a distinguished publishing house who was berating the "self-imprisoned insiders who edit literary publications highly regarded in Ivorytowerland and hold forth against any book that none of them has written." The second encounter was with a well-known literary

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critic of the middle-aged school who mourned the passing of the narrative novel and the rise, in its place, of anti-plot fiction. He blamed the trend in part—at least its latest manifestations—on a well-established newspaper book review which, he says, is turning over its columns to callow young critics who worship obscurity and celebrate formlessness. The third was with *Faking It*, Gerald Green's new novel.

Faking It, a Pun City title, is a no-holds-barred satire on the new and not-so-new literary establishment in which some of the best-known novelists, critics, and P.E.N.-pals of our day are paraded around a writers' conference in Europe in see-through disguises. It's also a spy story spoof, four-lettered and impudent. Altogether, quite different from Gerald Green's last novel which, incidentally, did not bear his name. Working from the outline and notes of Drew Pearson, Green wrote most of *The Senator*.

Years ago, I ordered by phone from Simon & Schuster six copies of a book I'd written and, presently, received half a dozen of Abner Dean's latest volume. Now, this was before computers and other electronic gear had revolutionized (see Reign of Terror) publishers' warehouses. You can imagine the possibilities today. For instance, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich has just published Mary McCarthy's *Birds of America*. In a little while, Harcourt's subsidiary, Johnson Reprint Corporation, will issue an original-painting-size elephantine folio edition of Audubon's masterpiece, *The Birds of America*. Miss McCarthy's book is 6" x 8½" and sells for $6.95, while the Audubon will be released as a limited edition of six separately boxed parts, each 39½" x 26½", guaranteed to give any coffee table a hernia, and selling (all six together) for a pre-publication price of $4,500. Later, there will be a four-volume edition, hand-bound in half leather, at a pre-publication price of $5,500. No matter these differences of size, cost, and subject, once both the McCarthy and the Audubon are current, *Birds* and *The Birds* will be flying at random.

Incidentally, the Audubon will not be the only upcoming great bird book. In October, Harper & Row will publish *Louis Agassiz Fuertes and the Singular Beauty of Birds* at $29.95. In this century's early years Fuertes was considered the greatest living painter of birds but after his death his work was neglected and some watercolors were actually damaged. Now sixty of his finest paintings and nearly a hundred of his drawings have been collected and, with text, assembled from letters written on his field trips.

DUBCEK

by William Shawcross

Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Eugen Loebl

■ William Shawcross tells the story of an obscure official in the Slovak Communist Party who suddenly found himself at the age of forty-seven the most popular and beloved politician in Czechoslovakia. The unique impact of the Dubcek phenomenon on East-West relations and its threat to the Soviet Union's domination of Eastern Europe makes this study important to American readers.

Shawcross has not attempted to deal exhaustively with the political crisis in Czechoslovakia in the mid-1960s, nor is he concerned with the "seductive ideology" of the Prague Spring of 1968. But, in many important ways, his account indicates that Alexander Dubcek's rise and fall is typical of political development in Czechoslovakia. Unfortunately, Shawcross does not tell us many things we would like to know about Dubcek, and often what he tells us is clearly incorrect. The material for this book was collected in 1969, when it was difficult, if not dangerous, to ask questions about Dubcek, who had been dropped as party chief in April. Moreover, because he was not in Czechoslovakia the previous year, Shawcross was unable to observe how Dubcek's activities influenced the political climate there and how he in turn was affected by it.

Shawcross admits that he was forced to rely primarily on Dubcek's speeches, but did Dubcek really write them? Apparently Shawcross does not realize that speeches of leading party officials are usually a collective effort and are often rewritten after they have been discussed by the Secretariat, the highest policy-making body in the party. Neither the party apparatus nor the Secretariat is monolithic. Both included officials with different views from Dubcek's, and some of their opinions appeared in his speeches. In order to rely on them as source material, Shawcross would first have to determine which of the principles voiced were actually his. An understanding of Dubcek's personality would help, but it is absurd to attribute contradictions in the speeches to psychological problems, as Shawcross does.

Dubcek joined the Communist Party (illegal at the time) at the age of eighteen—a logical step for the son of a long-time party member—and attended secondary school in the Soviet Union. We are told nothing about the effect of these years on Dubcek's political personality. During the war he was a partisan fighter and after the liberation of Czechoslovakia became a worker in a yeast factory. In 1945 partisans were treated as heroes and almost without exception given lucrative jobs. Why was Dubcek's status not improved?

After the Communist takeover in 1949, Dubcek entered the party system as an *apparatchik*, a petty bureaucrat. In 1953 he was elevated to Regional Secretary, a high-level post. Only men who actively supported Stalinism in Czechoslovakia remained in office during those years. In order to advance his career Dubcek approved the purge trials of the 1950s and helped to organize public opinion in favor of them. Although his support of Stalin could easily have been traced in the newspapers, Shawcross says very little about this.

Dubcek was rewarded in 1955 for his loyalty by being sent to the Higher Party School in Moscow. In the three years he spent there he was closely watched and tested for political reliability, and it was on that basis that he was elevated to Leading Secretary for Bratislava and, in 1960, to Industrial Secretary on the Secretariat of the Communist Party in Prague. Dubcek's promotion to head of all industry in the country, as well as his earlier advancements, was made by the pro-Stalinist Antonin Novotny, then First Secretary and President of Czechoslovakia. Under the impact of the Khrushchev liberalization, Novotny dismissed Karol Bacilek, First Secretary of the Slovak Party, and replaced him with Dubcek in 1963. Novotny was convinced that Dubcek was one of his ardent supporters and would be able to pacify the strong movement for self-determination sweeping the Slovak party. Dubcek's growing opposition to Novotny was a direct consequence of the latter's hostile attitude to the Slovaks. The nationalities problem, despite its vital importance in understanding Dubcek's actions, is only briefly mentioned by Shawcross.

Dubcek's political mentor was Vasil Bilak, a known Soviet agent. After Dubcek became First Secretary, he nominated Bilak as the head of the Slovak party. At present Bilak is a strong supporter of the Russian occupation and a vehement critic of Dubcek's policies.

When Gustav Husak and Laco Novomesky regained favor in 1963, Dubcek personally opposed their reinstatement on the party's executive committee because of "their past political errors" even though they had been formally cleared of the trumped-up charges that had been used against them during the purge trials. Dr. Hus-

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ak has just been re-elected leader of the party, a post he assumed after Dubcek was deposed. Dubcek was named Ambassador to Turkey in January 1970 but was recalled in June and later expelled from the party by the Central Committee.

There can be no question that Dubcek had a strong Stalinist past. How did such a man develop into the leading advocate of "socialism with a human face"? I don't think this book gives us the answer. It is just a good journalistic description of what is generally known about Dubcek, and provides a dramatic portrayal of the Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia, as well as something of the years since then. Shawcross is objective, and his account is an important contribution to the American material dealing with the history of those fateful years, but it does not satisfy the need to understand Dubcek as a political phenomenon.

As an active participant in the events of those years, I would like to add something from my personal knowledge. I first met Dubcek in 1963, in his office at the Secretariat in Bratislava, where, heartily welcoming me, he embraced me with tears in his eyes. Dubcek said that he had been appointed by the party leadership to study my conviction and that of Dr. Vladomir Clementis (then Czechoslovak Minister of Foreign Affairs) during the Slansky trial. He spoke of the sleepless nights he had had after reading of how we had been tortured and forced to confess to crimes we had not committed. He said that he was glad, nevertheless, to have seen these accounts so that he could do everything in his power to prevent a repetition. I was deeply impressed by his warmth and the humanity of his attitude. It was to Dubcek's credit that, despite his position as a powerful member of the Politburo, he remained a modest, even shy, man.

But when I told him I thought the political repression symbolized by the purge trials was inherent in any government based on the Soviet model and that to avoid a recurrence the system would have to be changed, Dubcek disagreed. His reaction was that of a loyal *apparatchik*. For him the party and the Soviet Union were sacred and, although he admitted that officials could make mistakes or be dishonest, it was the men and not the organization who were culpable.

Beginning in 1963, the Czech and Slovak intelligentsia grew increasingly critical of Stalinism in Czechoslovakia. This brought about a more democratic political climate, which undoubtedly appealed to Dubcek. In time a dichotomy developed in him between his devotion to the party and the Soviet Union and his support of the new liberal attitude. For a people who had grown accustomed to associating political leaders with subterfuge and manipulation, the idea of an honest and decent man as their leader was immensely attractive. Dubcek's humane outlook had a tremendous impact on the general public. In turn, the backing of the intelligentsia and the gratitude of the workers combined to push Dubcek toward a more benevolent rule and opposition to the Soviet Union.

In the industrialized nations human problems have largely overshadowed class problems as the cause of social crises. Czechoslovakia tried to tackle these issues in a democratic way. The outcome rocked the foundations of Soviet power. Its occupation of Czechoslovakia and the resultant personal and political tragedy of Dubcek—who today is reportedly a garage manager for Bratislava's parks department—represented the only possible response of a totalitarian dictatorship to the forces that threatened to be unleashed by the humanism of the Dubcek phenomenon.

Eugen Loebl, as First Deputy Minister of Foreign Trade, was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Slansky trial of 1951 and served eleven years. Three years after his release he was rehabilitated and made director of the State Bank. Following the Soviet occupation in 1968, he left Czechoslovakia. Mr. Loebl is now professor of economics and political science at Vassar College and the State University College in New Paltz, New York.

PROMISES TO KEEP
My Years in Public Life 1941-1969

by Chester Bowles

Harper & Row, 657 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by John M. Allison

■ Back in the eighteenth century Boswell described a scenic spot to Dr. Johnson (the Giant's Causeway, if I remember correctly) and concluded that it was worth seeing. The good doctor growled, "Worth seeing, yes, but is it worth going to see?" For anyone interested in how the American government works—and doesn't work—in both domestic and international affairs and what involvement in a ponderous bureaucracy can do to an impatient idealist, this book is not only worth reading but worth going out to buy.

Chester Bowles tells us briefly about his early years and family background, the uncertainty regarding his future and his decision to become a businessman for ten years in order to make enough money to go into public life. It was, however, the outbreak of war after Pearl Harbor that finally started him on his government career. In 1943, while in charge of tire rationing in Connecticut, he was asked by President Franklin D. Roosevelt to head the Office of Price Administration in Washington. Three years later he became director of the Office of Economic Stabilization under President Harry S Truman.

Bowles's account of the strengths

(*Continued on page* 26)

"It's Finch, over at Finch and Beasley—they want to know where they can get a founder like ours."

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PICK OF THE PAPERBACKS

In his introduction to Ramsey Clark's *Crime in America* (Pocket Books, $1.50) *New York Times* editor Tom Wicker calls Clark "the most revolutionary public voice in America." The rebellion he demands is one of the human spirit that will transform ghettos, diminish poverty, eliminate racism, and provide genuine justice for all the people. In *Crime in America*, a hardcover best seller now in paperback, the former Attorney General provides solid arguments for change in the police, in prisons, and in the court systems.

Ramsey Clark has spoken out against the war in Vietnam, against wiretapping, and the unregistered ownership of guns. These are unusual attitudes for a man brought up in a protected, comfortable Southwestern tradition. Born in Dallas in 1927, he was educated at the universities of Texas and Chicago, became a Marine, and then joined the Justice Department in 1961 as Assistant Attorney General. At the age of thirty-nine he was sworn into office as Attorney General by his father, Tom C. Clark, who had held the same post under President Harry S Truman prior to becoming an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court. It wasn't long before his views brought him into conflict with FBI head J. Edgar Hoover. Yet anyone who reads Clark's book might feel he is the cop's best friend. "The police have been used as political footballs," he said recently in New York. "They have been set up against the people, praised for such unlawful activities as the May Day arrests. How can that endear them to other citizens?"

Clark views the patrolman as a man who must work in close personal relationship with his community. "We have taken the cop off the beat, put him into squad cars in the name of efficiency. To some segments of society we have made him an alien, an enemy." He wants the same kind of expertise and professionalism from the police that he expects from doctors or lawyers. "Men from inadequate backgrounds, underpaid and undertrained, can't perform well. We are not going to find respect for law enforcers unless they are good."

Ramsey Clark, who was a member of the Justice Department when President John F. Kennedy, Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert Kennedy were assassinated, has thought deeply about the problem of violence. We have in this country, he has said, "a romance with a gun," a brutalization of the spirit brought about by the glorification of evil. "The sensational presentation of crime in the press appeals to the very psychoses of our urban, technological society. Through crime a nobody gets to be a somebody. James Earl Ray had a need to be a somebody, to make his mark. Instead of showing the glamour of violence, we should demonstrate the essential pity of it."

Since his resignation as Attorney General in 1969 Clark has been a partner in a New York law firm. He has now taken on what may prove to be his greatest challenge—the legal defense in the Berrigan trial. "I guess I feel an obligation to do it," he said in his slow Texas voice. "I want to find out some things. What drives these people to seek peace so ardently? Is our government fair? Is there a legal basis for the case? Is it possible to get a fair trial?" Through Clark the rest of the country may learn a few things, too.

—Rollene W. Saal

Vacation Reading

Traditionally, summer reading should be light enough not to topple the hammock, but at what other time of year does one get a chance to tackle the *big* books? Here, after more than ten months on the best-seller lists, is Antonia Fraser's 710-page *Mary Queen of Scots* (Dell, $1.50), replete with every documented detail of that disaster-prone life. Perhaps it's rather more than anyone cares to know about this Scottish Queen, who bungled her way through romance and politics only to lose her head in 1587 at Fotheringhay Castle. Another hefty best seller and a Pulitzer Prize-winner is Barbara Tuchman's *The Guns of August* (Dell, $1.25). In a carefully constructed military history, the author recalls the end of a more innocent era and the beginning—heralded by those first guns in the summer of 1914—of a violent new age.

For *Hard Times* (Avon, $1.50) Studs Terkel collected hundreds of tape-recorded interviews about the 1930s, which comprise "An Oral History of the Great Depression." One Appalachian boy said, "See, I never heard the word 'depression' before. They would all just say 'hard times.' It still is." The memories of such diverse Americans as Pauline Kael, Cesar Chavez, a city garbage man, a used-car dealer weave a reality into that part of the past that mirrors the indomitable spirit associated with the English during the blitz.

Otto Friedrich's *Decline and Fall: The Death Struggle of the Saturday Evening Post* is perfect for anyone who likes plots and/or publishing (Ballantine, $1.25). Friedrich, who edited the *Post* from 1962 to its demise in 1969, describes the Machiavellian intrigue that ended with one of America's best-loved magazines drowning in a Borgian brew of corporate mismanagement. For those who never say die, *SEP* has just reappeared as a $1 quarterly.

Michael Crichton, the young doctor who wrote *The Andromeda Strain*, has told it the way it probably is and most of us wish it weren't in *Five Patients* (Bantam, $1.25). Boston's Massachusetts General Hospital is where the quintet are fighting for their lives. The cases—including a cardiac arrest, a severed hand, an unknown and blazing fever—are properly dramatic, and the atmosphere is charged with the bewildering electricity of modern, mechanized medicine. A. J. Cronin wouldn't even be able to find the operating theater.

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The Outdoors

Surely some of the million Americans who will explore the trails this summer will be beginners. For them *Your Own Book of Campcraft* (Pocket Books, 95¢), by Catherine T. Hammett, prepared under the auspices of the American Camping Association, has all the how-tos about lean-tos, wigwam fires, blanket rolls, and outdoor cooking. Among the easy recipes is one called Pocket Stew ("Each person brings a handful of cleaned and cut-up vegetables or meat in a piece of waxed paper . . ."). Shirlee Sieveke's *The Camper's Cookbook* (Macfadden, 95¢) is more ambitious in its instructions for pit, grill, and can cooking, with really rugged fare such as red flannel hash. James Beard's *Fish Cookery* (Paperback Library, 95¢) is an indoor book with outdoor advice on cleaning, splitting, filleting, and all the other preparations needed to turn a fresh-caught trout into a charcoaled delicacy. And, speaking of Beard, it's a good time to mention his epicurean journal *Delights and Prejudices* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95), a handsome, oversized book of recipes and recollections in which, Proust-like, the taste treats of the present remind him of *autres temps, autres moeurs.*

Okay everybody, out of the kitchen and onto the boards. Surfer Jim Allen, a middle-aged Ph.D., insists in *Locked In: Surfing for Life* (Barnes & Noble, $1.95) that his favorite sport isn't necessarily kid's stuff, that it is great adult exercise for mind and body. The text and photographs show how to use boards and waves to best advantage.

Back to more commonplace sports with Bruce Devlin's *Play Like the Devil* (Signet, $1.25), an exceptionally well-illustrated handbook of golf in which little red lines in the pictures emphasize points of action. Gary Player has written an encouraging introduction. *Pro: Frank Beard on the Golf Tour* (Bantam, $1.25) has been edited by Dick Schaap from Beard's daily tape-recorded journal as he made his way through the Masters and the U.S. Open to the $250,000 Westchester Classic. The long trek from one tournament to the next with its full complement of hostilities, tensions, and plain agonies of survival are enough to make a duffer happy with his lot.

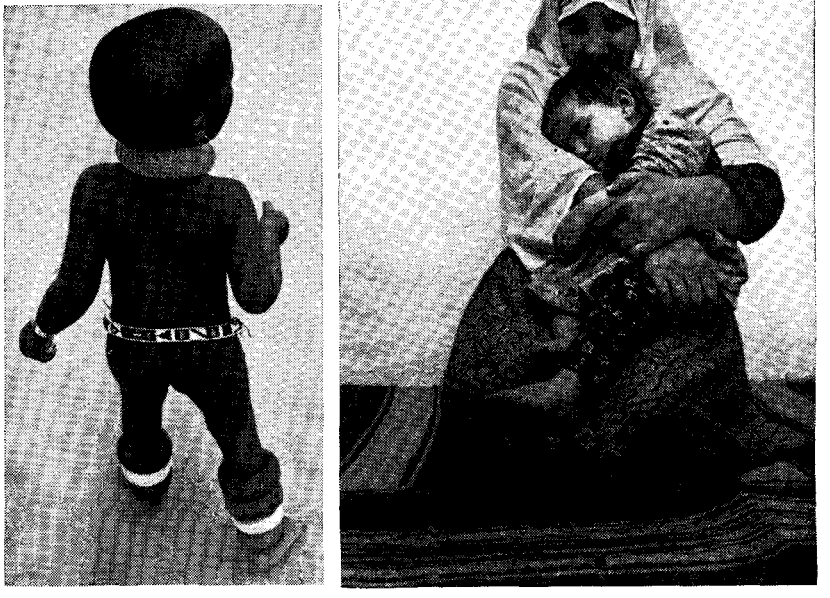
Fiction

When a poet as good as James Dickey writes a first novel all the critics take notice. But in *Deliverance* (Dell, $1.25) Dickey surprised everyone by mixing the ingredients of an *Argosy* story—four men canoeing down a Georgia river with rods, reels, guns and arrows—into a highly suspenseful, brutal tale of psychological survival. Two other first novels that I particularly liked were Edward Hannibal's *Chocolate Days, Popsicle Weeks* (Signet, $1.25) and Joanna Ostrow's . . . *In the Highlands Since Time Immemorial* (Berkley, 95¢). Although Fitzie, Hannibal's Boston Irish hero, struggles against the smothering of his Madison Avenue job and his suburban Connecticut marriage, it is with unfailing charm and a lot of pure joy. Joanna Ostrow's novel has a remarkably authentic background, that of the poor crofters in Scotland, where her protagonist, the son of an Irish whore and an unknown black man, takes his wife and family to find another, truer way of life. The setting is uncommon, as is Miss Ostrow's talent.

Lois Gould's *Such Good Friends* (Dell, $1.25) belongs to the *Diary of a Mad Housewife* brand of brittle, self-mocking fiction. But the diary here is that of the husband, who lies dying in a hospital. While wife Julie sits out the deathwatch she deciphers the cryptic journal and discovers some secrets about his double life. It's a tough, sexy book pushed along by terrific narrative drive. The same quality that makes the reader turn quickly to the next page distinguishes Ella Leffland's *Mrs. Munck* (Pocket Books, 95¢), an ugly, scary, and altogether compelling novel about a woman who has made her former lover a sexual prisoner in revenge for certain inequities in their earlier relationship.

New and noted: "When my Aunt Charlotte died suddenly, many people believed that I had killed her. . . ." And so begins another of Victoria Holt's Gothic charmers. This one, *The Secret Woman* (Crest, $1.25), has lots of everything—a castle, a governess, a ship's captain, lost jewels, oh, and even some poisoned coffee. It's delicious. When the author writes her historical novels she uses the pen name Jean Plaidy, as she does for *The Captive Queen of Scots* (Fawcett, Crest, 95¢). Her yarn about the "warm, generous, impetuous, sensual" Mary is just about the right length for anyone who couldn't get through Lady Fraser's heavy biography. L. P. Hartley's *The Go-Between* (Avon, 95¢) has been reprinted because a Joseph Losey film with screenplay by Harold Pinter, starring Julie Christie and Alan Bates, will soon open. The movie is based on this delightfully subtle story of an almost secret romance between a rich, beautiful young woman and the local farmer, as perceived through the limited understanding of a small boy.

"Within the family we can trace the fine intricacy of living," writes Margaret Mead in *Family* (Collier, $4.95), a happy collaboration with her former student, the photographer Ken Heyman. Together they traveled in Bali and Mexico to observe and to film. Including what his camera caught in more than forty other countries, the luminous pictures, side by side with Dr. Mead's chapters on human roles and relationships, provide an album of what in a museum context has been called the Family of Man.



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Promises

Continued from page 23

and weaknesses of these two men, of the political infighting in Washington among the heads of the various agencies, and the problem of getting consistent high-level support for the programs he believed vital might well be required supplementary reading in college government courses. His business experience and his courage in standing up for what he believed to be right enabled Mr. Bowles to succeed in large part at the OPA, but at the end of the war he became more and more frustrated.

After he returned to Connecticut, Mr. Bowles wrote a number of books, made speeches, and ran for gubernatorial office. Defeated in his first attempt, he was elected Governor in 1948. Immediately he tried to reform what he felt was an antiquated and ineffective state government and to introduce needed social and health legislation. He was opposed by the defenders of the status quo, the political leaders and pressure groups, as he often had been in Washington, but he pushed ahead, only to lose his campaign for re-election in 1950. Bowles is aware of his weaknesses and in a significant paragraph says:

> Whenever I have been confronted with a state of affairs which is contrary to the public interest, I have felt compelled not only to change it but to change it right away. This sense of urgency, of immediacy, made me challenge deeply rooted special interests . . . with a force which produced a bitter and often irrational reaction. . . .

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1456

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1456 will be found in the next issue.

BZVQUG FEGGUQ RETM AMMG

EQ EVV QRM PULQ US IMLPUG

UGM KUWVH KEGQ QU YGUK.

—E. QRZLYMVV

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1455

In the Middle Ages people were more amused than in our time.

—HENRY ADAMS.

In 1951 Mr. Bowles was named Ambassador to India and Nepal; in 1958 he returned to public office as Congressman from Connecticut. Unfortunately, when he later went back to Washington as Under Secretary of State in President John F. Kennedy's administration, these same characteristics came to the fore. After only six months in the State Department he was at loggerheads with his chief, Secretary of State Dean Rusk, and also, to a lesser degree, with the White House. As one reads of his zealous efforts to reform the State Department and the Foreign Service and recalls his same insistent endeavors to alter the structure of the Connecticut government, it is hard not to think the title of this book should have been *Bowles in a China Shop.*

This is a pity. Many of the reforms Mr. Bowles proposed and fought for have not only been needed but are long overdue. As one who spent more than thirty years in the career Foreign Service, I sympathize with his irritation at the time-servers, the plodders with little or no imagination, and those who don't want to rock the boat. But there were never as many as Mr. Bowles suggested and, in his well-intentioned efforts to get rid of them, some extremely able men were put out to pasture.

Mr. Bowles's advocacy of greater emphasis in our foreign policy on political and economic factors and less on military, especially in Southeast Asia, and his contention that in the underdeveloped countries we must learn to accept neutralism, will strike a responsive chord in many of us who served in those areas. It is ironic that much of what he asserted the United States should do regarding Communist China—easing travel restrictions for Americans and relaxing trade barriers—is now being carried out by an administration with which Mr. Bowles must be largely unsympathetic.

Although he reports openly the faults that still exist in a democracy and admits that most voters are inadequately informed or have short memories, he never gives up hope. A reader of *Promises to Keep* cannot help but wish that Bowles had been a little more tolerant and diplomatic in his career. We needed many of his programs that fell by the wayside. But he is still fighting. In his epilogue he says: "I do not assume that the struggle for a better tomorrow *will* be won. But I do maintain that it *can* be won." And it will be men ahead of their time, like Chester Bowles—with the courage to speak out—who will win it.

John M. Allison was Ambassador to Japan, Indonesia, and Czechoslovakia.

FORTY DAYS WITH THE ENEMY

by Richard Dudman

Liveright, 182 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Jan Barry

> We had gone no more than one hundred yards or so when a young man in a blue sport shirt stepped from behind one of the broadleaf trees that lined the highway. He pointed his AK-47 at us and barked something in Vietnamese. Mike quickly brought the car to a stop. We scrambled out with our hands up. Mike, who speaks Vietnamese fluently, told him: "We are not soldiers. We are international journalists. We are not Americans. We are Canadians."
>
> A young Cambodian, carrying a similar rifle, joined the first guerrilla. They ordered us to put down our cameras and empty our pockets on the pavement.
>
> "Turn around."
>
> "I'm afraid you'll shoot us," Mike said.
>
> "I won't shoot you," the guerrilla said. "Turn around and march down the road with your hands over your heads."
>
> Mike passed these orders on to Beth and me, and we started walking.

■ Richard Dudman, Washington bureau chief of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*, Elizabeth Pond of *The Christian Science Monitor*, and Michael Morrow of Dispatch News Service International, taken prisoner May 7, 1970, in Cambodia, were among twenty foreign news correspondents missing or captured in the invasion of Cambodia. In this book Dudman records day by day the five weeks he and his companions spent in captivity. *Forty Days with the Enemy* portrays a representative group of Vietnamese and Cambodian "liberation forces" soldiers and their rural civilian supporters. The result is an unusual, inside view of the life of some extraordinary people—war correspondents, Cambodian farmers, and Vietnamese revolutionaries. Dudman never minimizes the danger they were in—not only from American air attacks but from villagers enraged by the American bombs.

> Mike tried to strike up a conversation in Vietnamese with the blue-shirted guerrilla and got as far as asking where he was from. "Ben Tre," the young man replied.

Ben Tre is the village about which an American major said, "We had to destroy the town to save it." Although Dudman is wary of participants on both sides of the conflict, in the end he parts from his guards full of sympathy and feelings of comradeship. Without romanticizing in the least, he shows how this small band of "enemy" guer-

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rillas and prisoners in the course of forty precarious days in the midst of the American invasion of Cambodia, became a community of friends.

> . . . [It] might sound corny, but [the guerrillas] seemed to have all the standard virtues that are valued in Western society. I recalled the titles of the Boy Scout Laws that I had memorized as a boy: A Scout is Trustworthy, Loyal, Helpful, Friendly, Courteous, Kind, Obedient, Cheerful, Thrifty, Brave, Clean, and Reverent. They all fitted [them] perfectly except possibly for the last, and although they were atheists, their devotion to their cause could be considered a form of reverence. . . . [Certainly] they always respected our rights.

Among Dudman's captors was Tu, a South Vietnamese revolutionary who had not seen his family for eleven years, yet was concerned that Dudman might not see his wife for a couple of months. Others, to whom he gives fictitious names, were equally sensitive. Ban Tun, a former army officer in the Cambodian palace guard and now a private soldier in the Khmer revolution, used his own small allowance to buy the journalists toothbrushes and toothpaste. Wang, a Vietnamese-Chinese from Phnom Penh, whistled Mozart and provided them with food, and Anh Hai, a forty-four-year-old veteran of the guerrilla wars against the Japanese, the French, and the Americans, currently a high-ranking political officer, also befriended them. Anh Ba, the military leader of their small group, another veteran of the war with the French and a former international soccer star, twice saved Dudman's life—from infuriated Cambodians who thought he was one of the Americans bombing them, and from U.S. helicopters seeking out human targets.

Ironies abound in *Forty Days with the Enemy*, particularly when one considers the treatment accorded Vietnamese civilians detained by American troops—not to mention that of "Vietcong" prisoners—brought to light by testimony during the recent court-martial of Lieutenant William Calley and at a dozen "war crimes" hearings held in the United States by dissident Vietnam veterans over the last year.

Richard Dudman and especially his Vietnamese and Cambodian captors are to be congratulated for giving Americans this moving, sympathetic, and honest view of the workings of a historic Asian revolution, and for reminding us "gooks" are human, too.

Jan Barry, a founder of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, was the first veteran of that war appointed to West Point, from which he resigned. He is now War and Peace Editor of University Review.

HOSTAGE IN PEKING

by Anthony Grey

Doubleday, 365 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Harry Schwartz

■ There is probably no more bizarre chapter in the history of modern journalism than Anthony Grey's ordeal. For 806 days—from July 1967 to October 1969—he was kept a solitary prisoner in his house in Peking, most of that time confined to a single small room. Nor did his jailers ever really say that he had committed a crime. For them it was sufficient that he had been the only British correspondent in China at the height of the political orgy known as the great proletarian cultural revolution. This made him a convenient lever with which to exert pressure on his government to release Chinese journalists jailed in Hong Kong. When Grey was freed, he was sound not only physically but mentally and emotionally as well. His absorbing book describes how he survived the nightmare.

Even the nastiest governments tend to be careful in what they do to properly accredited foreign correspondents on their territory. Over the years in Moscow, for example, Western reporters have been drugged or trapped in compromising situations, their automobiles damaged, and occasionally their meetings with Soviet citizens rudely interrupted. I still remember fondly the lovely young Soviet woman doctor assigned the task of trying to entrap me on my first visit there. If a correspondent's dispatches or news broadcasts get too critical of the Soviet Union, authorities expel him or refuse him a re-entry visa when he leaves. But nothing like Grey's long house arrest in China has been visited upon his colleagues in the USSR.

The reason for this is not good will but prudence. Mean tricks on a foreign correspondent can be reciprocated in his country. Also a foreign journalist is well known and any mistreatment is well publicized. For most government officials these drawbacks are usually sufficient, but in Grey's case China's sensible bureaucrats at the time were themselves under attack. Power was temporarily in the hands of xenophobic fanatics who made Grey's confinement such a matter of national prestige that even Chou En-lai did not dare intervene decisively until the Chinese prisoners in Hong Kong had been freed.

The central concern here is how Grey managed to remain sane even though cut off from almost all sympathetic human contact for more than two years. He makes no secret of how heavily that seemingly endless procession of empty days weighed upon him. Excerpts from his diary reveal the depths of the despair into which he was often plunged. After two months in captivity he wrote: "Depression takes the form of getting up at nine a.m. and having no energy to wash and everything seems heavy and dead. Outlook seems hopeless and prayers seem lunatic." A few days later, on October 3, 1967, he wrote: "This afternoon and evening I have been overcome with despair. Moans like 'This is hell on earth' and 'a living death' have escaped my lips. It seems I will never get out of this terrible, awful prison. I feel helpless and desperate and at times I feel as though I am on the verge of going crazy." Seven months later he wrote a poem whose first two lines express perhaps better than anything else in this volume the vacuum that time came to assume in his mind:

> Each day crouches huge and menacing at the window
> And only at midnight does it steal reluctantly away.

But most of the book is devoted to the inspiring account of how Grey overcame the terrors that invaded his mind and being. The key element was his essential emotional health, the outgrowth, one gathers, of his somewhat Victorian upbringing and values. Prayer helped to sustain him, as did thoughts of his mother and his girl friend. He was lucky enough to have a short book on yoga that gave him a routine of physical exercises and meditation, which proved invaluable in bolstering his determination not to surrender to the extreme psychological pressure put upon him. And, although closely guarded, Grey found opportunities to triumph over his jailers—to steal a copy of *Doctor Zhivago* so that he would have something new to read, to write his diary surreptitiously in shorthand—so as to gain new courage for the never-ending tomorrows. With the meager sources of stimuli at his command Grey made up games he could play mentally. He taught himself to read and write Chinese. In short, he

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managed to fill the hours, to maintain hope, and to preserve his sanity.

His survival for 806 days was a virtuoso performance. *Hostage in Peking* deserves to be read and remembered as the latest in a long line of sagas of British courage, endurance, and bulldog determination not to be bested by the men that even devout Anthony Grey calls "—— bastards."

Harry Schwartz, a member of the editorial board of the New York Times, has written more than a dozen books on the Communist world. His next will be "Eastern Europe Under the Soviet Shadow."

THE HEIRS OF THE KINGDOM

by Zoé Oldenbourg
translated from the French by Anne Carter

Pantheon, 563 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Thomas G. Bergin

■Even after years of scholarly research into its history and shrewd probings into its motivations, the First Crusade, in 1095, still has about it an aura of the legendary, almost the fabulous. What moved all social classes of Western Europe and a considerable number of the regional groupings (hardly yet nations) which composed it to undertake such an arduous and irrational enterprise? One cannot help but be reminded of Tolstoy's vision of the lemminglike movements of peoples from west to east that he saw in Napoleon's invasion of Russia. Does a subconscious restlessness or impulse for conquest or vague need for community expiation explain it? Or is it a manifestation of the religious exaltation expressed nowadays by revivalist movements and which, in the Middle Ages, saw in the recovery of the Sepulcher a symbol of eternal salvation? Were there more mundane considerations, such as the desire of the predatory nobility of the time to add further possessions and more glittering titles to their houses? Was it just chance that brought forth at the same time a persuasive Peter, a soldierly Godfrey, and an able and eloquent Urban as catalysts?

In any event, the Crusade is history and not fable; some nine centuries ago masses of people took up the cross and moved—mostly on foot—from France and Provence and Flanders across Europe, through the Balkans to Byzantium and thence onward, fighting now, through Anatolia and Syria and at last triumphantly, in 1099, into the sacred city. God willed it, they said, and there seems indeed to have been something miraculous about it, which Tasso does not hesitate to celebrate in *Jerusalem Delivered*, the epic poem of the Counter Reformation 500 years later, seeing God's hand in the exploits of his pious Godfrey.

Miss Oldenbourg's characters are not drawn from Tasso's plumed knights and mighty princes. The heirs of the kingdom are the poor, specifically a small group of weavers from Arras, led by two humble holy men whose vision has been inflamed by the preachings of Peter and their own sense of the world's need of redemption. In this little band there are men, women, and children, husbands and wives, fathers and daughters, a madman who thinks he is Saint John, and a temporarily reformed prostitute.

We are spared no detail of the hardships of this semi-autonomous tribe as its members pursue their long and painful pilgrimage: they burn under the sun, going days without water; they freeze in the bitter cold of the Syrian winter; they see their comrades maimed, disemboweled, and decapitated by Turks and Bedouins, and they suffer not only the assaults of the enemy but the inevitable discords within their ranks. Eligible girls are as likely to be raped by Normans as by Turks. Within the community, which is a kind of collective protagonist, the chief focus is on Marie and Jacques, a pair of child spouses, and it is Marie of whom we take final leave. She has seen the Holy City and the triumph of the cross but she is now a slave, branded and mutilated—and still only nineteen years old.

As in all her works, the author succeeds, through the intensity of her own commitment, in drawing the reader into the lives of her characters. She writes with a passionate dedication which, together with a remorseless portrayal of gruesome incidents, gives her account an irresistible if fearful fascination. One will not soon forget the wanton slaughter of the infidels which covered the streets of Jerusalem with dismembered limbs, guts, and excrement. She never steps out of her story for comment or exposition, much less to instruct the reader on the mores of eleventh-century society. Nor does she even permit herself such lawful shifts of scene as might afford some over-all view of the Crusade: we catch a rare glimpse now and then of Godfrey or Raymond but we do not participate in their councils. We are one of the pilgrims from Arras; we know what they know, learn what they learn and no more.

The nature of Miss Oldenbourg's approach probably explains her insistent, almost shrill, author's note in which she implores us not to think of her as a historical novelist or to admire her scholarship (although she can't resist assuring us that the facts are accurate). We shall, therefore, with docility, put aside the temptation to admire her for such matters; we may wholeheartedly congratulate her on what she thinks worthy of applause, a graphic "portrayal of the human condition" in a memorable context. I can find but one fault with her saga: it may be a little long. Not for the tale she has to tell but because concentration on a work of such emotional intensity is hard on the reader. On the other hand, how can he bring himself to put the book down?

Thomas G. Bergin has been reviewing modern novels in various languages for some forty years.

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

STRICTLY GRAMMATICAL

For each subject in Column 1, Alvin Serkland of Fergus Falls, Minnesota, bids you find the action in Column 2 that relates it to the correct object in Column 3. Six right will get you an A; check your answers on page 39.

1. Adam Stanton ( )	A. axed	a. Alonya Ivanovna
2. The Bulgarians ( )	B. broke her neck	b. Amy Robsart
3. Clyde Griffiths ( )	C. crushed his skull	c. Cunegonde
4. Hector ( )	D. cut her throat	d. Curley's wife
5. The Japanese ( )	E. enticed her onto a trapdoor	e. Fyodor Pavlovich
6. Joe Christmas ( )	F. entombed her alive	f. Glaucus
7. Julia ( )	G. let her drown	g. Joanna Burden
8. Lennie ( )	H. machine-gunned	h. Madeline
9. Raskolnikov ( )	I. poisoned	i. Patroclus
10. Roderick Usher ( )	J. ravished and mutilated	j. Robert Hearn
11. Smerdyakov ( )	K. shot	k. Roberta Alden
12. Varney ( )	L. speared	l. Willie Stark

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Population Explosion

Continued from page 13

rapidity, becoming even more affluent. Two separate and distinct societies have emerged in the world, and they are becoming increasingly distinct and separated. Numerically the largest is the culture of the poor, composed of some 2,500 million persons. Numerically the smallest is the culture of the rich, composed of some 1,000 million persons. On the surface, the rich countries would appear to have it made; in historical perspective, their average per capita incomes are enormous. Their technological competence is unprecedented. Yet, they have problems that might well prove insoluble.

The most serious problem confronting the rich countries today is nationalism. We fight among each other and arm ourselves in order to do so more effectively. The Cold War has become a way of life, as is reflected in military budgets. Today the governments of the United States and the Soviet Union spend more on their respective military establishments than they do on either education or health—indeed a scandalous situation but, even worse, an explosive one.

All of the rich countries are suffering from problems of growth. Although the rates of population proliferation in these areas are not large, per capita consumption is increasing rapidly. Today an average "population unit" in the United States is quite different from one in the primitive world. Originally, a unit of population was simply a human being whose needs could be met by "eating" 2,500 calories and 60 grams of protein a day. Add to this some simple shelter, some clothing, and a small fire, and his needs were taken care of. A population unit today consists of a human being wrapped in tons of steel, copper, aluminum, lead, tin, zinc, and plastics. This new creature requires far more than food to keep it alive and functioning. Each day it gobbles up sixty pounds of coal or its equivalent, three pounds of raw steel, plus many pounds of other materials. Far from getting all of this food from his own depleted resources, he ranges abroad, much as the hunters of old, and obtains raw supplies in other parts of the world, more often than not in the poorer countries.

Industrial societies the world over are changing with unprecedented speed as the result of accelerated technological change, and they are becoming increasingly complex. All of them are encountering severe problems with their cities, which were designed within the framework of one technology and are falling apart at the seams within the framework of another.

The technological and social complexities of industrial society — composed as it is of vast interlocking networks of mines, factories, transportation systems, power grids, and communication networks, all operated by people—make it extremely vulnerable to disruption. Indeed, during the past year we have seen that the United States is far more vulnerable to labor strikes than North Vietnam is to air strikes. This vulnerability may eventually prove to be our undoing.

A concomitant of our affluence has been pollution. That which goes into a system must eventually come out; as our society has consumed more, it has excreted more. Given adequate supplies of energy and the necessary technology, such problems can be handled from a technical point of view. But it is by no means clear that we are about to solve these problems from a social or political point of view.

Although we know that theoretically we can derive our sustenance from the leanest of earth substances, such as seawater and rock, the fact remains that with respect to the raw materials needed for a highly industrialized society the research essential to the development of the necessary technology has hardly begun. Besides, it is less expensive for the rich countries to extract their sustenance from the poor ones.

As to the poor countries with their rapidly increasing populations, I fail to see how, in the long run, they can lift themselves up by their own bootstraps. In the absence of outside help commensurate with their needs, I suspect they will fail, and the world will become permanently divided into the rich and the poor—at least until such time as the rich, in their stupidity, blow themselves up.

One of the most difficult problems in the poor countries is that of extremely rapid population growth. If an economy grows only as fast as its population, the average well-being of the people does not improve—and indeed this situation prevails in many parts of the world. Equally important, rapid growth produces tremendous dislocations—physical, social, and economic. It is important to understand that the major population problem confronting the poor countries today is not so much the actual number of people as it is rapid growth rates. Clearly, if development is to take place, birth rates must be reduced.

Unfortunately, it is not clear just how birth rates can be brought down in these areas. Even with perfect contraceptives, there must be motivation upon the part of individuals, and in many areas this appears to be lacking.

Some people say that economic development is necessary to produce the motivation, and they might be right. In any event, the solution will not be a simple one.

Although I am pessimistic about the future, I do not consider the situation to be by any means hopeless. I am convinced that our problems both here and abroad are soluble. But if they are ever solved, it will be because all of us reorient our attitudes away from those of our parents and more toward those of our children. I am convinced that young people today more often than not have a clearer picture of the world and its problems than do their elders. They are questioning our vast military expenditures and ask whether the Cold War is really necessary. They question the hot war in which we have become so deeply involved. They are questioning our concepts of nationalism, materialism, and laissez faire. It is just such questioning on the part of the young that gives me hope.

If this questioning persists, I foresee the emergence of a new human attitude in which people the world over work together to transform anarchy into law, to decrease dramatically military expenditures, to lower rates of population growth to zero, and to build an equitable world economy, so that all people can lead free and abundant lives in harmony with nature and with each other.

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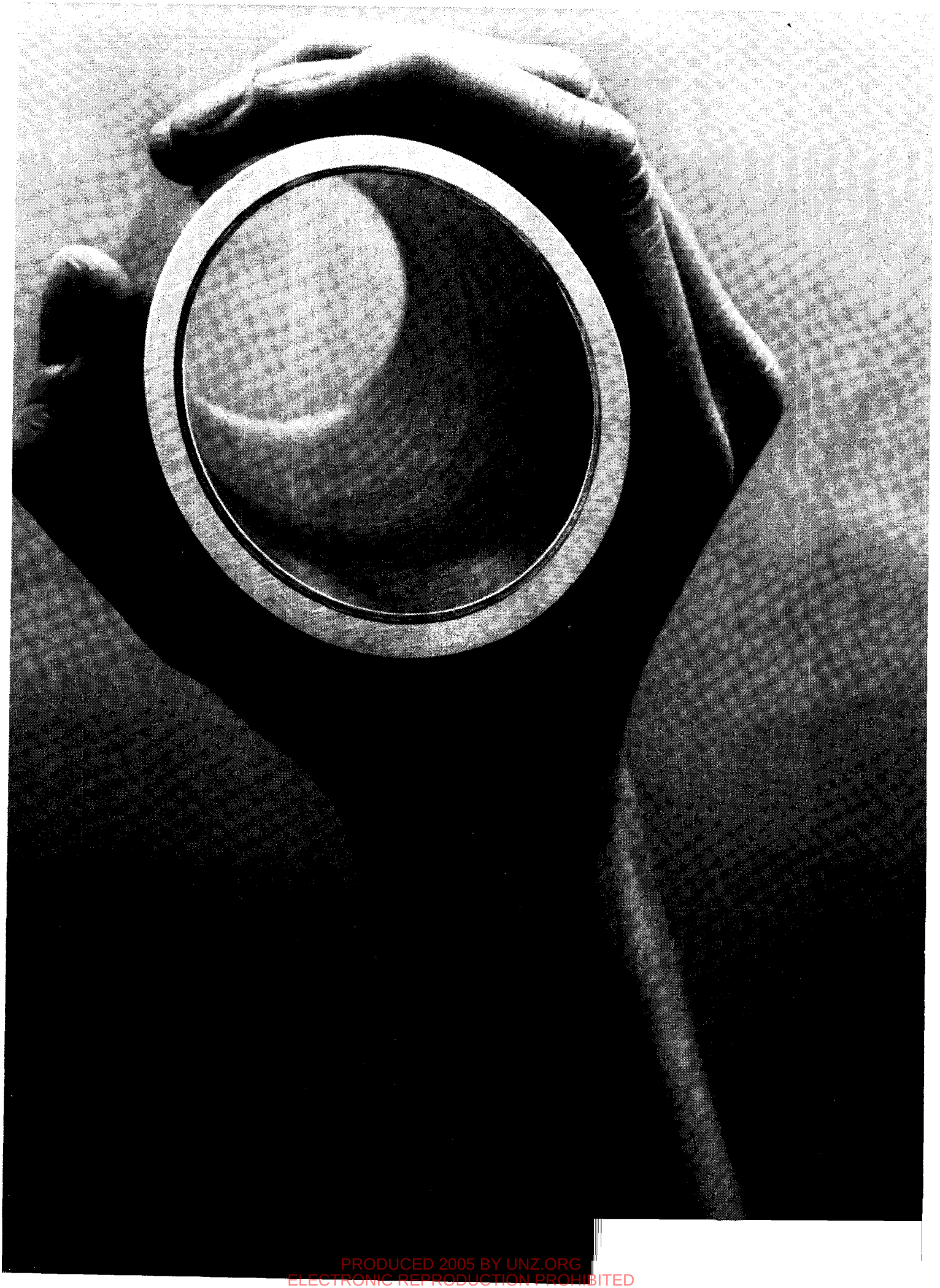

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can carry 230,000 telephone conversations.

The pipe is no bigger than your wrist.

Yet what really makes it news is that there's absolutely nothing inside.

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It'll also have its own amplifying system about every 20 miles. So your voice will stay loud and clear.

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All at once.

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NEW MAN AT THE MET

STOCKHOLM'S GÖRAN GENTELE

by WILLIAM WEAVER

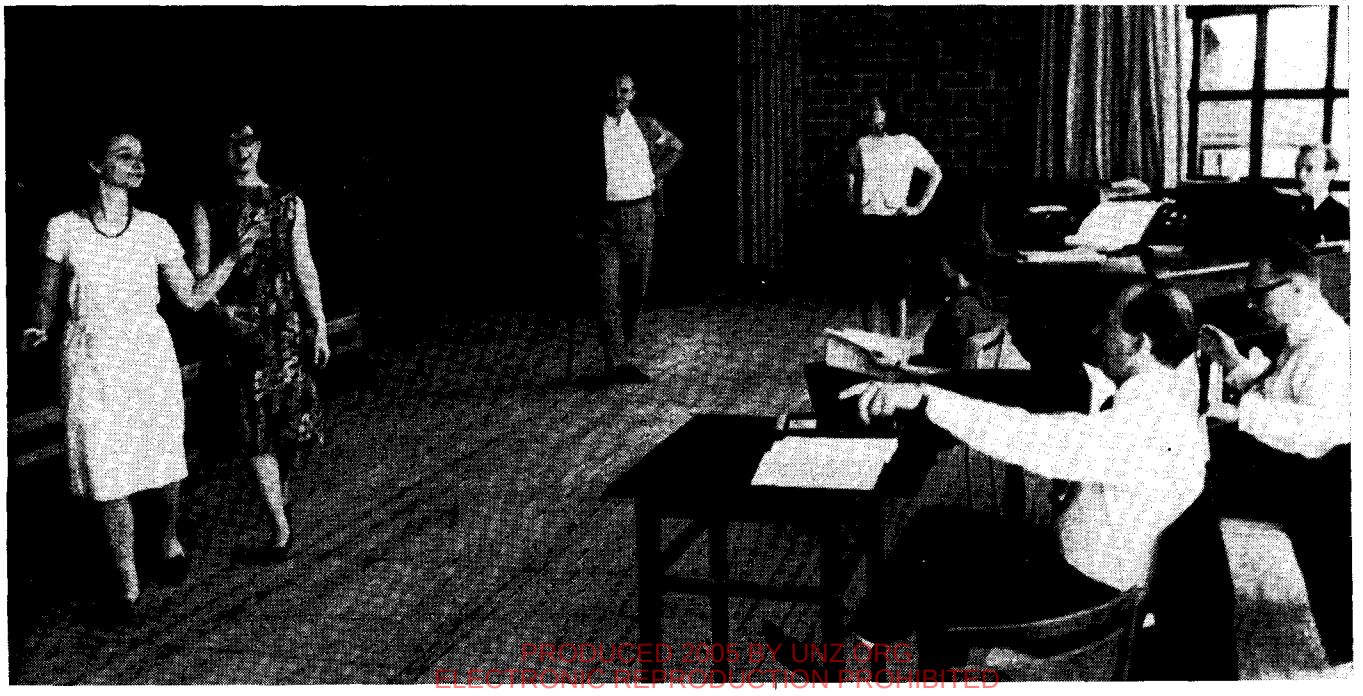
At 1 p.m. on a weekday afternoon not long ago, Stockholm's Royal Opera House was packed to its 1,200-seat capacity. The occasion was not an actual performance, but a *Titt-In* (translation: "Look-In"); the average age of the audience was, I would judge, about twelve, my own presence dragging the average up a few months. As the children watched with wide-eyed attention and listened in breath-held silence, one of the theater's technical directors explained the Opera House's workings. While a film of wild storm clouds was projected on a screen behind him, the speaker demonstrated a 200-year-old noise-making machine. It produced a resounding thunderclap, and the gathering was off to a great start. After the film ended and the machine was removed, the human components of the house were introduced to the youthful public: first the stagehands, then the prop men, the orchestra, the chorus, the ballet school, a choreographer, the soloists, the conductor. Each group was applauded, then they dispersed, and the demonstration passed from the "how" of theater production to the "what." The ballet students ran through their tricks, the singers—now in costume—performed part of the "Doll Scene" from *Tales of Hoffmann*, some of the youngest ballet "rats" did a catchy jazz number, followed by a scene from *The Barber of Seville*. It all lasted an hour, a fast-moving, perfect introduction to the theater.

The Look-In is an invention of Göran Gentele, who has worked in the Stockholm Opera for twenty years, first as guest director of two or three annual productions, and, for the last seven years, as general manager. As everyone interested in opera in America must know by now, Gentele has been called to the Met in New York. Next year he will have a *Titt-In* of his own on Mr. Bing's final season; then he will take over the running of the number one opera house in the United States, which is also one of the country's best-known artistic storm centers.

Mr. Bing, on the subject of his successor, has been quoted as saying: "Poor dear, he doesn't know what he's

Gentele, producer (seated, foreground), and Michael Gielen, conductor, at a rehearsal of "Herr von Hancken"—"ahead of its time."

—Photographs by Enar Merkel Rydberg



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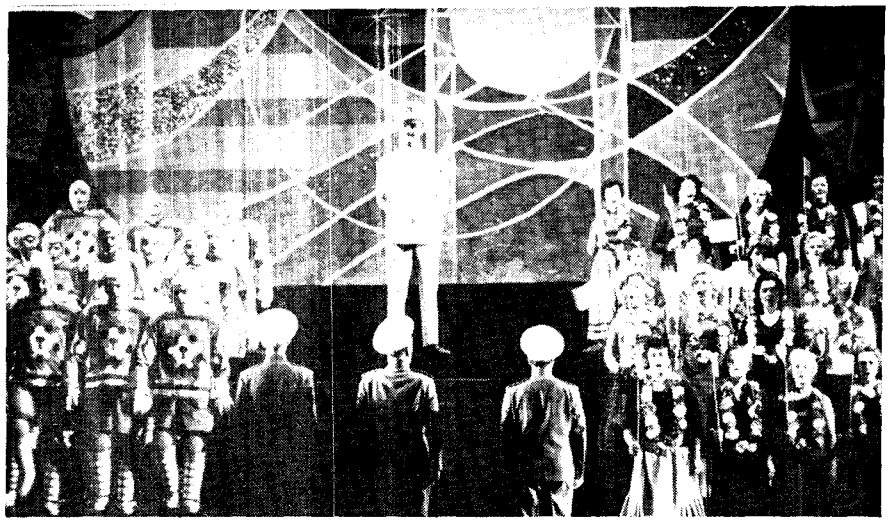

The Light Year Hall scene from Karl-Birger Blomdahl's "space" opera "Aniara"—"a vehicle for reaching a different, broader audience."

getting into." That may or may not be the case (even in remote Sweden, the papers have run articles on the Met's labor troubles and its financial straits). What is more certain is that neither Mr. Bing nor the Met's fans know much about operatic life in Stockholm. The announcement of Gentele's appointment ("Who? How do you pronounce it?") caught American opera lovers by surprise. There had been months of speculation; the list of rumored candidates ran from Lord Harewood to Leonard Bernstein. Gentele was very much a dark horse.

So I recently went to Stockholm for a week, to look and listen, to get to know Göran Gentele a bit, and to arrive at some assessment of his achievement on his home ground. It can be summed up in a word: considerable.

The Look-In was typical of his policy. Although he entered the theater by way of the stage (and he still directs there), he is as concerned with creating audiences as with mounting performances. Since he took over the Royal Opera from the mortally ill Set Svanholm, he has doubled subscriptions. He has instituted special "family" subscriptions, established 90 per cent discounts on tickets for students and old people. And he estimates that 40 per cent more young people are coming to the opera house than eight years ago.

Attracting more—and younger—people into a small theater whose most expensive seat costs about $5 may not seem a very hard task. But, like New York, Stockholm is being drained of its resident population. The Swedish capital, too, is becoming a city of commuters, who live in the many satellite cities around Stockholm, perhaps half an hour's ride by bus or train or subway. Many of these little cities are beautiful and lively; so "we have to make it interesting for the people to come back into town," as Gentele said to me.

Although the *Bohème* and the *Barber* I saw both had some good singers and were not badly conducted, they would not have lured me into making a longish trip after an early supper. Both had originally been staged by Gentele (the *Barber* in 1957, the *Bohème* in 1959), but they had been "reproduced" by someone else, and the acting was largely routine. For that matter, such bread-and-butter operas are taken for granted in most houses, while problematical works receive special treatment. Unjust, perhaps, but a fact of life.

Stockholm operagoers, in any case, cannot complain that the local repertory is unadventurous. There are at least four new productions each season in the Royal Opera itself, plus another two or three in the Rotunda, a little experimental stage Gentele created from a rehearsal room behind the main house. These premieres include standard works, necessarily refurbished and rethought (*Fidelio* and *Rosenkavalier* this year), and less familiar operas, introduced to the Stockholm public or revived after a long absence. This season's rarities were Weill's *Mahagonny* and Debussy's *Pelléas*, the latter of which had not been staged at the Royal Opera since 1926 (there were some guest performances by a visiting French company in 1945).

The *Pelléas* premiere was another reason for my visit to Stockholm. It was staged by Gentele, and it represented his farewell to the opera house where he has spent much of his adult life (he is fifty-three). I was allowed to watch the last two rehearsals as well as the opening night, and though the production was virtually set by the time I first saw it, there were countless small, interesting changes that improved it from night to night. The pre-dress rehearsal was held on the Tuesday after the long Easter weekend, and—as Gentele had warned me beforehand—the singers took a little while to get back into the opera's mood. The young baritone Håkan Hagegård (Pelléas) made a few slips; the Geneviève (the excellent Barbro Ericson) had to put on her glasses for a moment in the third scene; and conductor Silvio Varviso occasionally stopped the orchestra to smooth out a rough passage. At the improvised desk in row G, Gentele switched a discreet light on, to scribble notes.

In a more sentimental country, this farewell production would have seemed the golden opportunity for bouquets and polite speeches. In Stockholm, the critics were objectively severe, and the *Pelléas* was not a total success. Still, it was far from a failure; its merits—and its defects—illustrate the Gentele approach.

One of the most controversial features of the production was the designer's work. Characteristically, Gentele had not chosen an experienced designer (it would have been easy enough to call on a fail-safe big name like De Nobili or Swoboda), but a young painter, Ulrik Samuelson, who is well known in Sweden and has been also seen abroad. Samuelson — for his theater debut—was then given a free hand. One paper praised the result at great length, devoting a whole article to the opera's visual frame. Another critic expressed many reservations, even saying that one scene looked more like Hawaii than Allemonde. My own feelings were mixed: Samuelson, with simple, heavily draped, dark-green curtains, created an effectively gloomy, oppressive forest; black curtains used in the same way admirably suggested the stifling interior of Arkel's sunless castle. The starkness of this solution enabled Gentele to work imaginatively with the lighting, and the stage illumination was often magical. Pelléas and Golaud, in the castle's vault, moved through sinister, shimmering patches of brightness falling on the dark floor of the stage. The tower scene, on the other hand, when Mélisande's long hair looked (according to the *Svenska Dagbladet*) like a "rumpled sheepskin coat," actually provoked tittering. One critic suggested that Gentele may have wanted this irreverent laughter. I doubt it. It was a miscalculation, the only serious one in the production.

The casting, too, was typical of Gentele's regime. Sweden has an internationally respected Mélisande, Elisabeth Söderström, who is a member of the Royal Opera's regular company. She was in London during the *Pelléas* rehearsal period, on leave to perform *Così fan tutte* at Covent Garden. So the role was assigned to young Birgit Nordin, who made her Stockholm debut, chosen by Gentele, as Oscar in his famous, revolutionary production of Verdi's *Un ballo in maschera*. Miss

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Nordin is a versatile artist (she was also in the *Mahagonny* and was Berg's Lulu recently on Danish TV), and she proved a charming, mysterious Mélisande. Hagegård, her Pelléas, is only in his early twenties; he was engaged by Gentele a couple of years ago and is still not a full-fledged member of the company. It took some bravery on Gentele's part to assign this difficult role to a virtual debutant. The risk paid off handsomely; Hagegård was universally praised.

Varviso was another Gentele appointment. Together, they have forged a fine orchestra. As Varviso said to me, after the performance: "Gentele has real musical sense. He was of great help in renewing the orchestra, allowing me to hire a number of first-desk men."

Gentele himself studied music as a young man and can play the piano and the violin. "Since I've been at the Opera, I've stopped playing," he told me. "I don't like being an amateur in the midst of professionals." His knowledge of music has obviously been helpful in his decisions about repertory (and the list of forty operas given each year is superbly well-balanced and appealing). The music also can guide his production of a work. The Norwegian tenor Ragnar Ulfung—Gustav III in Gentele's *Ballo*—told me that on the first day of rehearsal Gentele said to him, pointing to a page in the score: "You see all those little black notes? At that point, you run."

Unlike some general managers not a million miles away, Gentele is eminently approachable. I had written ahead to ask for an interview, and the Press Office (efficient, like the rest of the theater, in my experience) replied promptly that I was to meet Mr. Gentele on the following Saturday at 1 p.m. Actually, by the time this formal interview came around, I had already seen Gentele and talked with him at least half a dozen times. He is everywhere in the theater, and always ready to answer a question or exchange a few words. After a week of observation, the interview itself served to sum up and check some of my impressions.

We talked again about audiences, and he touched on another area where he has done pioneering work in Sweden. "In the past, our writers and intellectuals were suspicious, even contemptuous, of opera," he said. "One of the first things I did was commission new translations from gifted poets. The old translations were often ridiculous. And then I encouraged poets to work as librettists, with contemporary composers. Erik Lindegren, for example, did the libretto for *Aniara* (Karl-Birger Blomdahl's "space" opera, which was a great success in Edinburgh and Montreal, as well as in Stockholm, where it has had well over a hundred performances). The original poem, by Harry Martinson, on which the libretto was based, hadn't been anything close to a best-seller. The success of the opera brought new fame to the poet and to the librettist, and other writers began to look on opera as a vehicle for reaching a different, broader audience."

Above, "Ballo in maschera"—"one of his greatest hits"; below, "Pelléas" —"its merits, and its defects, illustrate the Gentele approach."

Lindegren also made the *Ballo* adaptation, bringing the libretto much closer to the Swedish historical events that originally inspired it. This, too, was Gentele's idea, and one of his greatest hits. "He turned *Ballo* into the Swedish national opera," Ulfung said to me.

I asked Gentele to discuss some of his successes and his flops as an opera director. They give an insight into his ideas about repertory. In addition to *Ballo* and *Aniara*, the successes include some unlikely pieces: Busoni's *Doktor Faust*, Britten's *The Turn of the Screw*, and Janáček's *The Makropoulos Affair*. Gentele—who is engagingly outspoken and straightforward—named his biggest failure: "Richard Rodney Bennett's *The Mines of Sulphur*. It caused such a sensation in England I thought we should have it. I wasn't dissatisfied with the production, but the critics hated the music. . . ." I had the feeling that Gentele, on sober reflection, agreed with the critics. Another failure was Blomdahl's *Herr von Hancken*, which followed *Aniara* in 1963. "It was ahead of its time. If they revive it now, I think it would succeed."

However, Gentele's worst moment as the Royal Opera's general manager was not connected with production. "I don't want to say anything against the previous regime, but there was one thing that I felt had to be changed. Punctuality. If a premiere or a performance was announced for a certain day, that date had to be respected. In the past, much leeway was allowed."

(*Continued on page* 50)

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FILM

MY "LAURA" AND OTTO'S

by VERA CASPARY

"Now, doll," says the Hollywood producer after confiding some idea he wants developed into a great spy story, a great mother story, a great triangle, murder, incest, girl, or show business story, "I want you to make this into another *Laura*." Time has taught me to be tolerant of producers. Gently I argue that a great spy, mother, triangle, murder, incest, or show business idea has nothing in common with *Laura*.

"But, sweetness love," he urges in the tone usually taken off the ice only for stars in six-figure brackets, "if anyone can do it you can. Personally, you know, I've always considered *Laura* a great, great story."

"Why did you turn it down?"

"Me? Why, baby, I never had a chance. Nobody ever gave me a copy to read. That's the truth, darling. I never heard of the property until Preminger got hold of it."

It is useless and unprofitable to remind such offended innocents that in 1942 a synopsis of the *Collier's* magazine serial "Ring Twice for Laura" appeared in the mimeographed story bulletins of all major studios, that readers and second assistant story editors recommended its purchase. (I know this because early *Laura* fans have sneaked out copies for me to read.) From their bosses the lack of response was total. No executive or producer was slightly interested in the story.

Hollywood's indifference did not break my heart, as I was working on the play at the time. The first draft had been a play that I had buried for almost two years before I wrote the novel. The book was constructed like a play, its scenes dramatically structured, the characters exposed in action, so I thought it a natural for the stage. Meanwhile my agent, Monica McCall, who was handling the dramatic rights, had given a typescript of the book to a Broadway producer and director. He liked the story and wanted not only to produce it but to collaborate with me on the revised play. I was flattered because he had a Broadway reputation, because he offered all of his Middle European charm along with an elegant lunch of blinis and caviar. His name was Otto Preminger.

Mr. Preminger did not agree with me about one element in the dramatization. He wanted to make it a conventional detective story; I saw it as a psychological drama about people involved in a murder. We fell out over this, and I asked my old friend and collaborator George Sklar to work with me.

Over another lunch several years later, when the play had been published by the Dramatists' Play Service, the late Barrett Clark gave an earnest little speech, much as he might earlier have lectured his students at Yale, saying that *Laura* was one of the most perfectly constructed and wittily written plays of the contemporary theater. Broadway producers never found this out. They were as indifferent as Hollywood to the story of a detective in love with a murder victim who turns up alive at the first-act curtain. Directors and actors loved the play. A number of the best of them tried to raise interest and money. Backers couldn't see it. Several unimportant producers took options, but their backers always backed away. This tedious and heartbreaking routine went on until that blazing Hollywood afternoon when George and I were invited for drinks at Marlene Dietrich's house. A copy of the novel lay on a table. "I discovered this story by myself, in a bookstore. I wish to play Laura," she said.

It seemed odd casting, but George and I, dazzled by Marlene in blue jeans and quantities of perfume, decided that, with certain adjustments, the idea was not impossible. In character this beautiful woman came closer to the independent girl who earned her living and pampered her lovers than anyone who has yet played the part.

We still wanted a theatrical production before movie rights were sold and suggested that Miss Dietrich should go on a pre-Broadway tour with it. She said she might consider the idea. As we drove away, George grew expansive and said that the Dietrich name and personality would draw audiences while giving us a chance to correct flaws in the play. "Of course," he added, "you'll have to go on the road with it and do the rewriting. I'm under contract to the studio."

I couldn't sleep that night. Between nightmares I lay in the dark, remembering too vividly the time I had been incurably maimed by a tryout. I thought of George comfortably sweating away the summer in one of the writers' cubicles at Columbia Studios while I fought with producer, director, and star. An early phone call got George out of bed. "I can't take it alone," I told him. "I'm going to offer *Laura* as a movie and be done with the bitch." Naturally he argued against it—after all the work we had put into the play. I won because I scream louder. With condescension I informed my agents that the property (a Hollywood word for any story on paper) was now on the market and sat like a fat cat awaiting wealth. My Hollywood agents were no less optimistic.

We were bombarded with rejections. Only two studios showed a faint interest—Metro to experiment with a B-mystery if they could buy the story cheaply enough, and Otto Preminger at Twentieth Century-Fox. He had just got the job as a producer and had not yet made a picture. I've heard, although I can't swear to it, that he had to wage a Premingerian battle to get Darryl Zanuck to buy the story. My Hollywood agent also had to battle to get $30,000 for all mechanical rights while allowing the writers to keep dramatic rights. This was not too bad a price for a reject in 1943.

I was asked if I would work on the screenplay. It would not have been a difficult job because the worst of the screenwriter's problems, the dramatic structure, was already solved: Act I, Act II, Act III. But I was sick and weary of an old passion. I'd worked too hard on the abandoned first play, the novel, the second play that had been re- and rewritten, and had heard the various ideas of the directors who had hoped to do the play. "Let Laura stay dead in the first act," I said; "I'm through with her."

The stubborn girl would not stay dead. Just as she returned like a ghost to the detective who had fallen in love with her, she came back to haunt me. I could never eat in a Hollywood restaurant without having some director accost me with the good news that I had thrown away a million dollars. The trade papers reported that Rouben Mamoulian had walked out on the production because Preminger wanted to change the plot. John Brahm told me he had turned down the job because he liked the story too much to do it the way Preminger wanted.

In the end Preminger directed it himself, a development which nobody can deplore. Recently I saw the film rerun in a Twentieth Century-Fox projection room. Its direction is magnificent. No movement, no tone, no nuance is without significance. The clarity, especially in the first half of the picture, is dazzling. On certain story points I still disagree with Mr. Preminger.

This brings us to the basic battle. One day, shortly after the first-draft script was turned in, I met Preminger

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VERA CASPARY, novelist, playwright, and screenwriter, is responsible for such films as *Easy Living*, *Letter to Three Wives*, and *Les Girls* in addition to *Laura*.

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on the Fox lot. He asked if I would like to read the screenplay. This is a privilege seldom bestowed on writers who sell novels to the studios. I read the script. I went to see Otto in his office. It was not a peaceful visit. Preminger has, in addition to Viennese charm, the mercurial temper of his countrymen. Anger brings to my voice the nasal shrillness of the native Chicagoan. Our screams were heard in distant offices.

My chief complaint was (and is) the use of the baroque clock in which Waldo Lydecker, the urbane murderer, hides the gun. In the novel Waldo's gun is hidden in his cane. This was not merely a murder story device, a shock to the reader, menace to the heroine, but a symbol (Freudian) of Waldo's impotence and destructiveness, actually the theme of the novel. Preminger argued that a gun which could destroy a woman's face could not possibly have been contained in a walking stick. Ballistics experts had been consulted, and besides, he said, no one would get the symbolism. I shouted back that when my publishers had questioned this, I had done research in museums and consulted a specialist in antique weapons. The friend who had introduced me to this expert was an artist and had made a drawing of the walking stick with a diagram of the concealed weapon. I offered to show this to Mr. Preminger. He was not interested.

"Who's going to quibble at a detail of ballistics?" I snapped. "It's a matter of character and consistency. Would a man as elegant and self-conscious as Waldo Lydecker, an authority on murder and a potential killer, be so dumb as to carry a shotgun through the streets of New York on his way to a murder? Which is more important, technical detail or consistency of character?"

In movie-making, technical detail is sacred. Grave study is given to the authenticity of a curtain pull in a ducal manor of Victorian England while aristocratic nineteenth-century characters are allowed to speak twentieth-century vernacular. But the curtain pull is concrete and can be seen, while consistency of character and accurate speech are looked upon as writers' whims.

We argued another point more vehemently: the character of Laura. I found her a flat, conventional movie heroine. "Why don't you give her the character she has in the book?" I asked Preminger.

"In the book," he answered, "Laura has no character."

I howled. "In New York the magazine and book editors are urging me to write about another wonderful, warm, sexy girl like Laura."

"Laura has no sex."

I gasped. *My* Laura was adored by every man in the story. I had also shown that Laura enjoyed her lovers. "Then why did she have to pay a gigolo?" asked Preminger. "What did she get out of sex?"

I could have been struck down by an inch of celluloid. Gigolo indeed! That Laura had loaned money, got jobs, and strengthened her weak fiancé with fondness and flattery did not make the man a gigolo. She had been too kind for caution, too bright-eyed about a man's virtues to see his flaws clearly. "Do you mean she never got money out of men or mink or diamonds? That doesn't mean a girl's sexy, Mr. Preminger, it just means she's shrewd. Laura's just the opposite. She gives everything with her love. Perhaps you don't know anything about love, Mr. Preminger," I said, and made a haughty exit.

He was justly furious with me and I with him. Once again, during the shooting of the picture, I met him in the studio. He asked loftily if I was too proud or too indifferent to come to the sound stage to watch the shooting. Neither proud nor indifferent, I was shy because I knew that writers are not welcome on the stages. The next day I went to watch the Sardi scene being shot. It was not only brilliantly theatrical but true. Preminger had recreated the world of *Laura*, not only the appearance of the restaurant, but the sense of gossip and phony charm. Every actor, every extra, every crew member was with it. The little world of Preminger's creation had become real.

Sometime after *Laura* had opened, I bumped into Preminger in that same atmosphere, the Cub Room of the old Stork Club. In triumph over the film's success, he stated that I had been wrong on every point I had raised, that the screenplay I had so severely criticized was the season's sensation. "It wasn't the same screenplay," I told him. "I read it before Sam Hoffenstein and Betty Reinhardt rewrote it." I challenged him with the fact that there were many different elements in the film, especially the famous Hoffenstein wit, which had not been in the script I read. I also emphasized that Laura's character had been strengthened, that her generosity and romantic shortsightedness had been made explicit, and several minor points that I had shouted about had been changed. Whereupon, Otto drew himself up to his full *Margin for Error* height and, looking down upon me as though he were still playing the Nazi officer, said that I was not telling the truth. The two men who were with me, Southerners and full of bourbon, declared that no man could insult a lady in their presence and began stripping off their coats. Two waiters, a captain, and

Clifton Webb and the baroque clock—"not merely a murder story device."

Sherman Billingsley rushed to our table. Otto made a Central European bow and said he had meant no insult. We have met since and are always urbane. The incident has not been mentioned.

Since that time *Laura* has become what is called a film classic. It has been run and rerun in countries where the world of Laura and Waldo Lydecker is as unreal as a fairy tale. In a new generation that never has seen the picture except on TV (with some of the best scenes cut and the highest drama interrupted by commercials) there has developed a circle of *Laura* fans. Yet, I still stubbornly believe that it would have been a better picture if the melodrama at the end had been equal to the mood of the beginning, if Waldo's character had remained consistent, if the weapon had been contained in the cane. In the play, which has been performed often (but never with a first-class production, since the movie rights are gone), the audience quivers and shrieks when Waldo unscrews the top of his stick and aims the gun. To those who have seen the film and know only the clock version, the gun stick is a thrilling shock.

I suppose such details do not matter too much when success has been so certain and lasted so long. And I admit that Preminger was right in many ways. For the brilliance of his direction, the skill of the flashbacks, the charm of the background, for superb casting, and, most of all, for his appreciation of the story, I shall always be grateful. I think, as do many critics, that it is his best film. And I feel the same way about my own work. When those producers call me "baby doll" and "sweetness," asking me to write another *Laura* and I retort by asking why they rejected the original, to myself I say, "I wish I could."

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MUSIC

MUSIC OF THE EAST AT ROYAN

by HENRY LOUIS DE LA GRANGE

The Royan Festival fulfills a unique and essential function in the world of contemporary music, largely because its deliberately adventurous programs are mainly premieres of recently composed music. The only drawback to this admirably courageous policy is that no one can predict whether a particular festival will be as lively and absorbing as the preceding one. Nor does the level of quality depend entirely on the "theme." For instance, that of 1970, "Music in Action," seemed particularly promising, if only because so many attempts are at present being made in various parts of the world to enliven the tedious and old-fashioned ritual of a musical performance. Unfortunately, these concerts were unusually dull.

This year's theme, "Music from the Eastern Countries," seemed much less promising, yet 1971 has been one of the most exciting Royan years on record. Admittedly, the theme was not as restrictive as it sounds, since it included not only the Greek-born Xenakis but also some Far Eastern composers, such as Isang-Yung (Korea) and Fukushima (Japan). Important premieres by West European musicians—Stockhausen, Maderna, Alsina, Betsy Jolas, and Gilbert Amy—were also on the program, despite the "theme."

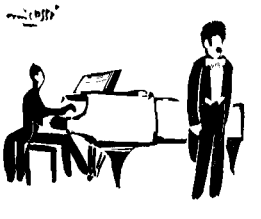
Royan's excursion behind the Iron Curtain quickly established one basic truth: that the vitality and vigor displayed by each school concerned is closely related to the degree of political liberalization in its respective country. It is no mere coincidence that the first of these nations to form an important avant-garde school—Poland—was also the first to enjoy a certain freedom; Czechoslovakia timidly followed suit, with the well-known results, and then Rumania. The Rumanian works performed in Royan made it clear that this new school had advanced into the present with disconcerting speed and has assimilated the newest techniques of composition with the greatest of ease.

Among the year's revelations were several Rumanian composers, particularly Anatol Vieru, Myriam Marbe, and Costin Miereanu. The last's iconoclastic turbulence and his experiments with graphic notation and "intuitive" music were not, perhaps, as convincing as his compatriots' assurance and mastery. Vieru's orchestral work *Écran* was one of the highlights of the festival, displaying a unique combination of spontaneous charm, consummate technique, and a wholly personal style.

Rumanian composers of today are thoroughly acquainted with Western contemporary music, particularly since most of them have attended the Darmstadt summer courses. Although the Soviet musicians whose works were performed at Royan are also said to be familiar with the scores of Boulez, Stockhausen, Berio, *et al.*, their works did not indicate any true mastery of the contemporary idiom.

Hungary is known to produce better music than Zsolt Durko's *Altamira* for chorus and orchestra, but Czechoslovakia was well represented at Royan by Marek Kopelent's *Voix errante* ("Wandering Voice"), which combines tape, an instrumental ensemble, and the voice of an actress who recites poems in praise of freedom while strolling through the auditorium, during which time slides and films of hands clenched on prison bars are projected onto a screen. No major East German work was performed, except for a short and witty Mozart collage by Müller-Medek, *Battaglia alla Turca.* Yugoslavia, on the other hand, played an important part, with premieres by Ivo Malec, Milko Kelemen, and Vinko Globokar. Even though none of these three composers lives in his native country, there is a great affinity between Kelemen and Globokar, at least as far as their new works, *Oliphant* and *Ausstrahlungen,* are concerned. Both show a strong tendency toward musical naturalism, a love of sheer sound that has led them to use some rare wind instruments and also to obtain unusual effects from the more traditional ones.

Nevertheless, the real discovery of the *Domaine Musical* concert was neither Kelemen nor Globokar, whose reputations are already firmly established, but a young Argentinian composer now living in Berlin, Carlos Alsina, whose new work, *Schichten* ("Layers"), for three separate instrumental groups and three conductors was commissioned especially for Royan. Here all the signs of an important new talent seem discernible. Alsina combines a capacity for creating solid, complex architectures in the best tradition of "written" music with the contemporary practice of leaving considerable initiative to the performers.



It is undoubtedly exasperating and frustrating for those who consider Xenakis's music primitive, even naïve, and who dismiss his "stochastic" theories as pretentious and irrelevant that his new works should invariably be so enthusiastically received, particularly by the young and very young. This year the festival committee asked him to prepare a continuous program of music and cinema lasting from 7 p.m. to almost 3 a.m. The order of events was not disclosed before the concert, and the public was exposed without warning to some classical music (Machaut and Brahms), to excerpts from old films (Resnais and Eisenstein), and to some great Oriental music (a breathtaking Iranian zarb [or Persian drum] player called Chemirani and the superb Japanese biwa player Kinshi Tsuruta, whose interpretation of thirteenth-century ballads reached a frightening degree of expressive intensity).

Later, while strolling in the dark along the beach and munching ham sandwiches, the Royan visitors heard most of Xenakis's electronic works to the fitting accompaniment of the nearby waves. The great blocks of granitic sound seemed particularly at home in this setting, and it became more obvious than ever before that Xenakis's music draws its force from nature itself. But the sensation of Xenakis's "Free Entry" evening was the world premiere of *Synaphai* for piano and orchestra (commissioned for Eleazar de Carvalho and Jocy de Oliveira by the Pro Arte Foundation of Long Island, New York), which earned Xenakis as great a triumph as his previous Royan premieres (*Terretektorh* in 1966 and *Nomos Gamma* in 1968). Set against a flamboyant orchestral tapestry, occasionally pierced by harsh cries from the brass, the highly elaborate piano part (the score uses one stave for each finger!) stands out in high relief, with a tremendous energy and rhythmic drive. In the hands of two young interpreters, the French pianist Georges Pludermacher and the Geneva conductor Michel Tabachnik, *Synaphai* electrified the public and was immediately encored.

Of course, not all the music premiered at Royan was as sensational as *Synaphai;* yet the festival once more fulfilled its indispensable role as an exhibition of avant-garde works representing various countries, styles, and esthetic tendencies.

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SYDNEY'S SCULPTURE IN STONE

by IRVING KOLODIN

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, AUSTRALIA.

It was the firm resolve of this first-time visitor to Australia that attention to the most famous incomplete object in esthetic history since, perhaps, the Venus de Milo or Schubert's *Unfinished* Symphony would not take precedence over all those more important things—the state of the musical art, the diversity of local culture, the kind and quality of life embodied on this continent. But one encounter with the vast immovable object on Benelong Point reduced to futility anything like the irresistible force of that resolve.

To say that the Sydney Opera House, after ten years of planning, controversy, and conjecture, is finally off the ground would not be the most felicitous of phrases. Since the project was launched in 1959 one of the real problems has been finding a solution to the riddle of how to keep it firmly *on* the ground. Everybody, it would seem, is by now familiar with the circumstances. Spurred, it is said, by the late Sir Eugene Goossens, who spent the final phase of his complex life as music director of the Sydney Orchestra, the founding fathers' endeavor to provide the community with a proper place for concert music and opera produced an international competition for design whose winner was the Danish Jorn Utzon. It was his flight of fantasy to adorn the site jutting out into the magnificent Sydney Harbour with a building under full sail—a flaring vista of curves and billows that might, perhaps, commemorate those bold mariners whose first penetration of the continent's vastness was accomplished under canvas at about the time the colonials of America's Eastern Seaboard were arguing their inalienable rights vis-à-vis the Mother Country.

The endeavor to convert Utzon's splendid vision into an equally splendid reality encompassed half a decade of complications and controversies, and a sheaf of bills totaling incalculable millions. When it was decided that some interior changes would have to be introduced to justify the cost of completion, Utzon withdrew from participation. In place of the original multi-purpose opera house with, perhaps, 3,000 seats, the structure will now house a concert hall, a more intimate opera theater with a capacity of under 2,000 (a realistic match for the kind of operatic interest that exists in Sydney), a theater for drama, and a chamber music room.

But, it is already apparent, the conversion into functional usage of the interior space has not been purchased at a cost, in esthetic values, to Utzon's exterior vision. Whatever small adjustments may have been made along the way, there is, confronting the winds that sweep the great harbor, a building under full sail, a flaring vista of billows and curves. It has become, in a curiously immobile way, a symbol of everything bold, enterprising, and resolute that one thinks of as typing the Australian character, even to the gambling instinct that has enabled the whole staggering sum—now approaching $100-million (Australian)—to be raised by recurrent lotteries.

The beauty of the structure that has been purchased by those who may never attend a concert, hear an opera, or visit the gallery it will house (but are enticed by a possible return of $200,000 on a $6 ticket) transcends anything of comparable purpose and recent construction. Over the subsurface sails, or shells, as they are now being called, has been spread a surface of gleaming tiles manufactured in Sweden according to Utzon's specifications. As well as reflecting the light and shade of sunshine and clouds, water and mist, they form a fascinating geometric pattern whose carefully calculated fragmentations result in a degree of delicacy and lightness hardly imaginable in so huge an expanse.

So much for the exterior forms, which ride on a massive podium that might be likened to the hull of the boat bearing the "sails." What of the interior? It is, by every present indication, a triumph of engineering skills and solid construction. I could claim credit for having set foot on the stages of both the concert hall and the opera house, though neither is yet complete. This was accomplished by crawling into the models that have been created for acoustical tests, scaled to fractions of inches, and sizable enough to accommodate the upright figure of a slightly stoop-shouldered, five-foot-eight-inch music critic.

No such compromise need be tolerated with the "room," to use a generic term, that will give the Sydney Symphony surcease, as of March 1973 (now identified as the manageable target date), from its long-time boomy home in the local Town Hall. The new home may well be designated the cathedral of concert halls, for within the soaring outlines of the particular "sail" has been created a vaulting interior, all birch and carefully matched grains, whose pre-testing indicates superior resonance. It also sponsors a shape somewhat akin to the human palate formed by the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City. Here, however, the shape suggests an inverted mandolin, relatively low at the stage end but flaring upward over the audience. As with the superbly factured roof, the workmanship of the room's paneling is something at which to marvel.

The more intricate design of the opera theater has left it less advanced toward a final appearance, but one interesting innovation is already evident. That is the treatment of scene changes, normally achieved by lateral movement utilizing side stages to which (at right) the scenery of Act I can be removed and from which (at left) the set of Act II can be swiftly rolled into place. Because the circulation of ticket holders requires the use of foyers that fringe the stage areas, lateral movement is not feasible. Out of a fertile brain (possibly Utzon's own) came the idea for making the changes vertically rather than horizontally.

The stage area is essentially drum-shaped and is placed over a deep well housing a turntable and lift assembly. When Act I is finished, the set slides to the back area where it can be broken down and moved away. Meanwhile, the set for Act II, on an under-elevator, rises into place from the interior of the "drum," ready for use.

Visitors to the site whistle in disbelief when a question discloses that a dozen years will have elapsed between ground breaking and opening. But how long did it take to create the Pyramids, the Taj Mahal, or even New York's still incomplete Cathedral of Saint John the Divine? To paraphrase a wartime expression, the seniors of Sydney might say: The impossible we do at once—the immortal takes a little longer.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1Kl (*All the King's Men*), 2Jc (*Candide*), 3Gk (*American Tragedy*), 4Li (*Iliad*), 5Hj (*The Naked and the Dead*), 6Dg (*Light in August*), 7If (*Last Days of Pompeii*), 8Bd (*Of Mice and Men*), 9Aa (*Crime and Punishment*), 10 Fh (*Fall of the House of Usher*), 11 Ce (*Brothers Karamazov*), 12 Eb (*Kenilworth*).

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Music Festivals USA—Summer 1971

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
EAST AND SOUTH				
New York New York City	May 30- September 6	Naumburg Symphony	Free concerts by Naumburg Symphony Orchestra and soloists at Central Park Mall	At 8 p.m., May 30, June 23, July 4, 31, September 6
	June 12- August 21	La Puma Opera	Workshop opera performances at Lincoln Center's Damrosch Band Shell and Central Park Mall	Various evenings
	June 15- July 3	Metropolitan Opera	Free performances in five city parks of *Faust*, *Fidelio*, and *Cavalleria Rusticana*	Evenings at 8:30
	June 24- August 14	Guggenheim Memorial Concerts	Free concerts by the Goldman Band in Central Park, Prospect Park, and Damrosch Park	Various evenings at 8
	June 24- August 27	Museum of Modern Art "Jazz in the Garden"	Jazz and popular concerts by various groups	Thursdays at 7:30 p.m.
	June 24- August 28	Central Park Music Festival	Popular performances at Wollman Skating Rink	Various evenings
	June 29- August 8	American Ballet Theatre	Summer season at the New York State Theater including three full-length ballets, new productions of *The Miraculous Mandarin* and *Paquita*, and world premiere of *Mendelssohn Symphony*	Tuesday–Saturday at 8:15 p.m.; Sundays at 1:15 p.m. and 7:15 p.m.; Saturday matinees at 2:15
	August 2- August 28	Lincoln Center Mostly-Mozart Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC at Philharmonic Hall. Soloists include Valente, Brendel, de Larrocha, Frank, Eschenbach, Istomin, Firkusny, Entremont, Schneider, Guarneri Quartet, others	Evenings (except Sunday)
	August 3- September 4	New York Philharmonic	Free concerts in five city parks conducted by Kertész, Ceccato, DePreist. Soloists include Hollander, Bachauer, Ricci	Evenings at 8:30
Katonah	June 19- July 18; August 8- August 29	Caramoor Festival	OPERA: *Dido and Aeneas* (Purcell), *Combattimento* (Monteverdi), *Curlew River* (Britten), *El Cimarrón* (Henze); CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Guarneri Quartet, Kraus, Ohlsson, Forrester, Valente, Brooks, Devlin, Velis, others	June 19–July 18: Saturdays at 8:30 p.m. (also Friday, July 3 and 10), Sundays at 5:30 p.m. August 8–29: Sundays at 5:30 p.m.
Chautauqua	July 1- August 29	Annual Summer Festival	OPERA; CONCERTS; RECITALS; DRAMA	Concerts at 8:30 p.m.; opera at 8 p.m.
Lake Placid area	July 3- September 4	Adirondack- Champlain Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Various times
Woodstock	July 4- September 5	Maverick Summer Concerts	CHAMBER MUSIC: New York Pro Musica, Curtis String Quartet, others; RECITALS: Nelsova, Johannesen, Kroll, Reisenberg, others	Sundays at 3 p.m.; also occasional mid-week concerts
Saratoga Springs	July 6- August 28 (special events: June 13- September 18)	Saratoga Performing Arts Center Festival	Summer home of New York City Ballet (July) and The Philadelphia Orchestra (August); also special events featuring well-known popular performers. Soloists include Barenboim, Pollini, Reardon, Bacharach, Lee, The Who, Humperdinck, many others.	Ballet: Tuesday–Saturday at 8:30 p.m. (and 2 on Saturday); Concerts: Wednesday–Saturday at 8:30 p.m.; special events at various times
Glens Falls	July 17- August 21 (possibly extended to August 28)	Lake George Opera Festival	OPERA (in English): *La Bohème* (Puccini), *L'Infedeltà Delusa* (Haydn), *The Italian Girl in Algiers* (Rossini); *The Mother of Us All* (Thomson) and *Faust Counter Faust* (Gessner-Balk) by the Minneapolis Center Opera	Most weekdays and all Saturdays at 8:15 p.m.; at 2:15 p.m. August 2, 9, 14, 16, 21, 23, 28
New Jersey Holmdel	June 9- September 12	Garden State Arts Center	CONCERTS: New York Philharmonic, New Jersey Symphony with soloists Bachauer, Wild, Senofsky, Sills; BALLET: Stuttgart Ballet, Alvin Ailey Dance Theater; MUSICAL COMEDY: *1776*	Weekdays at 8:30 p.m.; Fridays and Saturdays at 9 p.m.
Connecticut New Haven	June 29- July 27	Starlight Festival of Music	Outdoor concerts at Yale Law School with Festival Quartet and soloists	Tuesdays at 8:30 p.m.
Norfolk	July 2- August 21	Yale Concerts at Norfolk	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; ORATORIO	Fridays at 8:30 p.m.; July 7, 10, and August 3, 17, also at 8:30; July 24 and August 21, at 2:30; August 15 at 3:30 p.m.
Falls Village	July 3- September 4	Music Mountain	CHAMBER MUSIC: the Berkshire Quartet. Soloists	Saturdays at 3 p.m.; and July 11 and August 1 at 4 p.m.
New Canaan	July 11- August 29	Silvermine Guild Chamber Music Festival	Four chamber music concerts with soloists	Sundays at 8 p.m.
Massachusetts Lenox	July 2- August 22	Berkshire Festival at Tanglewood	ORATORIO: *Damnation of Faust* (Berlioz); Mozart Requiem; Beethoven *Missa Solemnis;* CONCERTS: Boston Symphony. Soloists include Ashkenazy, Eschenbach, Janis, Weissenberg, Nelsova, Perlman, Zukerman, Saunders, Kopleff, Valente, Marshall, Milnes, Flagello, many others; RECITALS	Fridays at 9 p.m.; Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 2:30 p.m.

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Music Festivals USA—Summer 1971

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Maine				
Bar Harbor	July 23-August 13	Bar Harbor Festival	OPERA: *Così fan tutte* (Mozart); RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET	Mondays and Fridays at 8:30 p.m.
New Hampshire				
Hanover	July 1-September 5	Dartmouth Festival of the Arts: Crossroads	CHAMBER MUSIC: Tuckwell Wind Quintet, others; RECITALS; DRAMA	Tuesdays and Saturdays at 8 p.m.
Center Harbor	July 11-August 21	New Hampshire Music Festival	OPERA: *Trouble in Tahiti* (Bernstein); CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 8 p.m.
Rhode Island				
Newport	July 27-August 5	Newport Music Festival	OPERA; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; RECITALS. Soloists include Lewenthal, Ricci, Vardi, Metropolitan Opera Studio, others	Daily at 11 a.m., 5:30 p.m., and 9:30 p.m.
Vermont				
Manchester	July 3-August 29	Festival of the Arts	ORATORIO: Haydn's *Creation;* RECITALS	July 3 at 3 p.m.; July 18, August 17 and 29 at 8:30 p.m.
Marlboro	July 10-August 15	Marlboro Music Festival	Informal concerts at Marlboro School of Music, with Pablo Casals and others; Rudolf Serkin, director	Saturdays (and Fridays, July 23, August 6 and 13) at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 3 p.m.
Pennsylvania				
Philadelphia	June 21-July 29	Robin Hood Dell Concerts	OPERA: Concert performances of *The Merry Widow* (Lehár) and *Carmina Burana* (Orff); CONCERTS: Philadelphia Orchestra; RECITALS: Cliburn, Rabin, Arrau, Zukerman, many others; BALLET	Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.
Ambler	June 25-August 8	Temple University Music Festival	OPERA: *Jesus Christ, Superstar* (Weber and Rice), *The Death of the Bishop of Brindisi* and *The Medium* (Menotti), *The Mother of Us All* (Thomson), *Faust Counter Faust* (Gessner-Balk); CONCERTS: Pittsburgh Symphony; RECITALS: Cliburn, Watts, Perlman, Sills, many others; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET; JAZZ: Brubeck, Ellington, Ella Fitzgerald, others	Daily at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7:30 p.m.; matinees at 2:30 p.m. Saturdays and Sundays through August 1
Maryland				
Columbia	June 7-September 12	Merriweather Post Pavilion	CONCERTS: Washington National Symphony; BALLET; POP	Daily
Virginia				
Vienna	July 1-September 11	Wolf Trap Farm Park	OPERA: New York City Opera performances of *Faust, Lucia di Lammermoor, La Traviata;* Minneapolis Center Opera Company performances of *The Mother of Us All, Faust Counter Faust;* BALLET: Joffrey Ballet, Stuttgart Ballet; CONCERTS: National Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, New Jersey Symphony. Soloists include Cliburn, Perlman, Hollander, Horne, Wild, others	Most evenings and some matinees
North Carolina				
Greensboro	June 17-July 30	Eastern Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Monday–Thursday at 8:15 p.m.
Brevard	July 2-August 15	Brevard Music Festival	OPERA: *Don Pasquale, Lucia di Lammermoor, Pagliacci* (Leoncavallo), *Unicorn in the Garden* (Smith), *Il Trovatore* (Verdi), *H.M.S. Pinafore* (Sullivan), *The Music Man* (Willson); CONCERTS; RECITALS. Soloists include Buswell, Bachauer, Horne, Hines, others	Fridays, Saturdays at 8:15 p.m.; Sundays at 3:30 p.m.
Florida				
Sarasota	June 11-June 26	New College Summer Music Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.
MIDWEST				
Illinois				
Chicago	June 24-September 5 (August 17-September 5, exclusively performances of drama *Look Homeward, Angel*)	Ravinia Festival	OPERA: Concert performances of *Rigoletto* and *Jesus Christ, Superstar;* CONCERTS: Chicago Symphony Orchestra; RECITALS; BALLET: New York City Ballet, The Paul Taylor Dance Company; DRAMA; JAZZ. Soloists include Ashkenazy, Cliburn, Moffo, Sills, Simon, Laura Nyro, Judy Collins, Miles Davis, many others	Monday-Saturday at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7:30 p.m.; performances August 14 and 15 at 2 p.m.
Edwardsville	July 10-August 16	Mississippi River Festival	OPERA: *Jesus Christ, Superstar;* CONCERTS: St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Soloists include Cliburn, Horne, Pennario, others	Weekdays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7:30 p.m.
Michigan				
Rochester	June 24-August 15	Meadow Brook Music Festival	OPERA: Concert performance of *Fidelio;* CONCERTS: Detroit Symphony; RECITALS. Soloists include Ashkenazy, Watts, Rose, Zukerman, de Peyer, Tuckwell, Tucker, others; BALLET	Wednesday–Saturday at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 6:30 p.m.
Detroit	June 13-August 8	Detroit Concert Band Summer Festival	Free concerts by Detroit Concert Band and soloists	Wednesday–Sunday at 8:15 p.m.

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Music Festivals USA—Summer 1971

LOCATION	DATE	TITLE	TYPE OF EVENT	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
Minnesota				
Saint Paul	June 21-July 17	Saint Paul Opera Association	World premiere of *Summer and Smoke* (Hoiby); *Die Fledermaus* (J. Strauss), *La Fanciulla del West* (Puccini), *Ariadne auf Naxos* (R. Strauss)	Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. Evenings at 8:30
Ohio				
Cincinnati	June 30-July 25	Summer Opera Festival	OPERA: *Lucia di Lammermoor, La Bohème, Rigoletto, Of Mice and Men* (Floyd), *Romeo and Juliet, Carmen, Barber of Seville*; BALLET: Vienna State Opera Ballet	Wednesday–Sunday (except July 4 and 8) at 8 p.m.
Cleveland	June 22-September 5	Blossom Music Center	CONCERTS: Cleveland Orchestra; RECITALS; BALLET	Daily at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 7 p.m.
Oberlin	July 7-August 7	Oberlin Music Theater	Students and young professionals perform *Susannah, La Traviata, The Mikado, Trial by Jury, Help, Help, the Globolinks, Camelot*	Wednesday–Friday at 8:30 p.m.; Saturdays at 2 and 8:30 p.m.
Wisconsin				
Milwaukee	June 21-August 1	Summer Arts Festival at University of Wisconsin	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; MASTER CLASSES	Mondays and Thursdays at 8:15 p.m.; also Friday, July 9
Fish Creek	August 7-August 21	Peninsula Music Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS. Soloists include Wild, Zukofsky, Chookasian, Frager, others	Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays at 8 p.m.; Tuesdays and Sundays at 3 p.m.
SOUTHWEST				
Arizona				
Flagstaff	July 14-August 8	Flagstaff Summer Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET	Various evenings at 8:30
New Mexico				
Santa Fe	July 9-August 28	Sante Fe Opera	World premiere of *Yerma* (Villa-Lobos); *Don Carlo, Magic Flute, Marriage of Figaro, La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein, Der fliegende Holländer*	Fridays and Saturdays (and Wednesdays, Thursdays in August) at 9 p.m.
FAR WEST				
California				
San Francisco	June 6-August 15	Midsummer Music Festival	Free outdoor concerts at Stern Grove. San Francisco Symphony, soloists	Sundays at 2 p.m.
Saratoga	June 26-August 29	Music at the Vineyards	CHAMBER MUSIC; RECITALS	Saturdays and Sundays (June 26, 27, August 7, 8, 28, 29) at 3:30 p.m.
Redlands	June 29-August 20	Redlands Bowl Summer Music Festival	OPERA: *Don Pasquale; The Merry Widow* (Lehár); CONCERTS; RECITALS; BALLET	Tuesdays and Fridays at 8:15 p.m.
Claremont	July 2-July 31	Claremont Music Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Soloists include guest artists as well as resident artists at Pomona College	Fridays and Wednesdays at 8:15 p.m.
Los Angeles	July 6-September 11	Hollywood Bowl	CONCERTS: Los Angeles Philharmonic; RECITALS; BALLET; Concert versions of *Traviata, Fledermaus, Rosenkavalier.* Soloists include Sills, Milnes, Domingo, Browning, Perlman, Merrill, Dichter, many others	Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays
Carmel	July 16-July 25	Carmel Bach Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS	Daily at 11 a.m. and 8:30 p.m. (July 21 at 10 p.m.); Sundays at 2:30 p.m.
Aptos	August 13-August 29	Cabrillo Music Festival	OPERA: *Young Caesar* (Harrison); CONCERTS; RECITALS	Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 p.m.; Sundays at 6 p.m.
Monterey	September 17-September 19	Monterey Jazz Festival	Jazz concerts	8 p.m.; Saturday and Sunday at 2:30 p.m.
Colorado				
Central City	June 26-August 28	Central City Opera House Festival	DRAMA; MUSICAL EVENTS	Daily except Mondays
Aspen	July 2-August 29	Aspen Music Festival	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC. Juilliard Quartet, American Brass Quintet. Soloists include de Larrocha, Masselos, Perlman	Saturdays and Sundays at 4 p.m.; Fridays at 6:30 p.m.; Mondays (July 5, 19, August 2, 9, 23) at 8:30 p.m.
Alaska				
Anchorage	June 10-June 24	Alaska Festival of Music	CONCERTS; RECITALS; CHAMBER MUSIC; BALLET	Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8:30 p.m.; June 12 and 13 at 3 p.m.; June 22 at 2 p.m.
CANADA				
Ontario				
Stratford	July 4-August 29	Stratford Festival	CONCERTS; CHAMBER MUSIC; MASTER CLASSES. Soloists include Vickers, Brendel, Starker, Lagoya, Souzay, Rampal, Hungarian Quartet, Oxford Quartet, Vaghy Quartet, B. B. King, Melanie, others	Saturdays at 11 a.m.; Sundays at 2 p.m.

—HEDY D. JELLINEK.

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Summer Repertory Schedule – 1971

LOCATION	DATE	PRODUCING AUSPICES	PLAYS	PERFORMANCE PATTERN
EAST AND SOUTH				
New York New York City	June 29- July 18	New York Shakespeare Festival	*Timon of Athens*	Evenings only Tues.-Sun.
	July 22- August 8	N.Y.S.F.	*Two Gentlemen of Verona*	Evenings only Tues.-Sun.
	August 12-29	N.Y.S.F.	*Cymbeline*	Evenings only Tues.-Sun.
Connecticut Stratford	Through September 5	American Shakespeare Festival & Academy	*The Merry Wives of Windsor, Mourning Becomes Electra, The Tempest*	In daily rotation. Evenings Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday; matinees Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, Sunday
Waterford	July 11- August 8	Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Playwrights Conference	Staged readings of plays by fourteen new writers	Evenings except Sunday; matinees Saturday
Vermont Burlington	July 20- August 28	Champlain Shakespeare Festival	*The Taming of the Shrew, Dr. Faustus, Julius Caesar*	In daily rotation. Evenings except Sunday; matinees Saturday
Florida Sarasota	Through September 5	Asolo State Theater Company	*The Comedy of Errors, Love for Love, Charley's Aunt, Our Town, Born Yesterday, The Subject Was Roses, Indians* (July 16), *The Puppet Prince* (July 1), *The Snow Queen* (August 12)	In daily rotation (opening nights in parentheses). Evenings except Monday; matinees Wednesday, Saturday until July 24; matinees except Monday after July 24
MIDWEST				
Minnesota Minneapolis/ St. Paul	July 22- September 18	Guthrie Theater Company	*Cyrano de Bergerac, The Taming of the Shrew*	In daily rotation. Evenings except Sunday; matinees Wednesday, Saturday
Missouri Kansas City	July 1- September 26	Missouri Repertory Theatre	*Measure for Measure, The Subject Was Roses* (July 8), *The Waltz of the Toreadors* (July 15), *The Night Thoreau Spent in Jail* (July 22), *The School for Wives* (August 5), *An Enemy of the People* (August 12)	In daily rotation (opening nights in parentheses). Evenings except Monday; matinees Sunday
Ohio Lakewood	July 9- September 18	Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival	*Othello, You Never Can Tell* (July 14), *The Taming of the Shrew* (July 28), *Godspell* (August 11), *Henry IV, Part 1* (August 25)	In daily rotation (opening nights in parentheses). Evenings except Monday; matinees Saturday, Sunday
SOUTHWEST				
Texas Odessa	Through August 15	Globe of the Great Southwest	*Julius Caesar, The Merchant of Venice, The Miser*	In daily rotation. Evenings except Monday
FAR WEST				
California San Diego	Through September 12	San Diego National Shakespeare Festival	*A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Taming of the Shrew, Antony and Cleopatra* (July 11)	In daily rotation (opening nights in parentheses). Evenings except Monday; matinees Wednesday, Saturday, Sunday
Colorado Boulder	July 30- August 15	Colorado Shakespeare Festival	*Love's Labour's Lost, King Lear, Henry VIII*	In daily rotation. Every evening
Oregon Ashland	Through September 12	Oregon Shakespearean Festival	*Henry IV, Part 1* (Evenings), *Much Ado About Nothing* (Evenings), *Macbeth* (Evenings), *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (Matinees), *Arsenic and Old Lace* (Matinees), *The Glass Menagerie* (Matinees), *A Man for All Seasons* (Matinees)	In daily rotation. Every evening; every matinee
Utah Cedar City	July 15- August 7	Utah Shakespearean Festival	*The Taming of the Shrew, King Henry IV, Part 1, The Tempest*	In daily rotation. Evenings except Sunday
CANADA				
British Columbia Victoria	July 15- September 4	Victoria Fair	*A Trip Abroad, Room Service, Justice, Not Revenge* (August 3)	In daily rotation (opening nights in parentheses). Evenings except Sunday
Ontario Niagara-on-the-Lake	Through September 5	Shaw Festival	*The Philanderer* (through July 18), *Summer Days* (through July 17), *War, Women & Other Trivia* (July 22-September 5), *Tonight at 8:30* (July 24-September 4)	In alternation. Evenings except Monday; matinees Wednesday, Saturday (at 5 p.m.)
Stratford	Through October 16	Stratford Shakespearean Festival of Canada	*Much Ado About Nothing, The Duchess of Malfi, Macbeth, Volpone* (July 27)	In daily rotation (opening nights in parentheses). Evenings except Sunday; matinees Wednesday, Saturday
Stratford	Through October 16	Stratford Festival Company (at Avon Theatre)	*An Italian Straw Hat* (July 2-31), *There's One in Every Marriage* (August 6-September 4)	Evenings except Sunday, Monday; matinees Wednesday, Friday, Saturday

—Henry Hewes.

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Recordings in Review

Brahms B-flat in the Lill Manner

BRAHMS: *Concerto No. 2 in B-flat (Op. 83). John Lill, piano; with the Radio Orchestra of the U.S.S.R. conducted by Gennadi Rozhdestvensky.* DGG stereo, 2530 111, $6.98.

FOR THOSE with a mind to backdate themselves on the prowess of English pianist John Lill beyond the collection of Brahms pieces contained on DGG stereo, 2530 059 (see *SR*, Feb. 27), nothing could be more illuminating than this performance of the same composer's B-flat Concerto. From the first unmistakably Russian-sounding horn solo to the final resounding chords, what is offered is the veritable performance in Moscow on June 25, 1970, in which Lill earned his right to be co-laureate (with Vladimir Krainev) of the Fourth International Tchaikovsky Competition, in succession to Van Cliburn (1958), Vladimir Ashkenazy-John Ogdon (co-winners in 1962), and Grigory Sokolov (1966).

As such, it is something more than another performance of the Brahms B-flat, absorbing as it is for that reason. It ranks among the most broadly planned, warmly realized conceptions of the work that the recorded literature can show, especially when Lill's strength and control can work most productively—that is to say, in the superbly played first movement and the impulsive Scherzo. There is, without question, a sense of letdown in the Andante, not only because the solo cellist is more dutiful than inspired, but also because Lill has not yet achieved the profundity or insight to match ultimate expectations in this movement.

One can sense that, after two movements very well played and one not so well played, the issue was somewhat hanging in doubt with the finale. This finds Lill, admirably supported by Rozhdestvensky and the orchestra, again congenially employed, with the big sound working well for him. But important prizes are not won through the demonstration of the "admirable," the "congenial," or even by what "works well." Perhaps such thoughts were actually in Lill's mind. In any case, at a point corresponding to the homestretch turn of a horse race, he launches a driving, exhilarating, impassioned peroration that leaves little doubt of two things: this was the extra something that won a prize for him, and that extra something makes him a pianist with a very considerable future.

—DGG/Hoffmann

John Lill—"a pianist with a very considerable future."

Vivaldi's Share of "Elvira Madigan"

VIVALDI: *Concerto in E (L'Amoroso) for violin and orchestra (P. 246); Sinfonia in B minor (Al Santo Sepolcro, P. 21); Concerto in D (L'Inquietudine) for violin and orchestra (P. 208); Concerto in G (Alla rustica) for orchestra (P. 143); Concerto in D minor (Madrigalesco) for violin and orchestra (P. 86); Concerto in A minor for two violins and orchestra (P. 28). Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; with Emil Maas and Thomas Brandis, violins.* DGG stereo, 2530 094, $6.98.

IS IT POSSIBLE that Deutsche Grammophon had some *Elvira Madigan* stickers left over from its promotional push on behalf of Mozart's Twenty-first Piano Concerto? The distinctive aspect of this production is not the association of Vivaldi and von Karajan, unusual alliteration though that is, nor the picture of the boy and girl amid a field of flowers (doubtless to accord with the title *L'Amoroso*, which belongs to the E-major [P. 246] Concerto), but the sticker showing Pia Degermark and the legend "Contains theme featured in *Elvira Madigan*." For those unacquainted with the film, or not possessed of instant recall of its musical content, this poses something of a dilemma. There is no mention of this scholarly fact anywhere in the accompanying text, leaving no less than eighteen possibilities among the six works included.

As pure, non-cinematic Vivaldi, this collection ranges from fare to good, without ranging on anything great. The best music in the six concerti is to be found in the reasonably well-known *Alla rustica* rather than in any of the less familiar works. Like the companion pieces of the disc, this is beautifully played, and is so directed—with straightforward emphases, lack of mannerism, and healthy feeling for the idiom—as to be almost non-recognizably von Karajan. Brandis is the excellent soloist in P. 246 and P. 208. He is joined by Maas in P. 86. The deviser of the "P" catalogue, Marc Pincherle, would doubtless be surprised—good Frenchman that he is—to find his name joined to the V symbol for "Verzeichnis." The reproduction is excellent.

Germaine Montero's Federico García Lorca

GARCIA LORCA: *Llanto por Ignacio Sánchez Mejías; "Canción de Belisa"; "La guitarra"; "Las tres hojas"; "El grito" and "El silencio" (Poema del cante jondo); "Las morillas de Jaén"; "Prendimiento de Antoñito el Camborio en el camino de Sevilla"; "Muerte de Antoñito el Camborio"; "Despierte la novia" (Bodas de sangre); "La casada infiel"; "La señora zapatera" (La zapatera prodigiosa); and "Romance de la Guardia Civil española." Germaine Montero reading and singing; with orchestra directed by Salvador Bacarisse.* Vanguard, VSD 6535, $5.98.

FOR THOSE whose interest in the works of Federico García Lorca may have been stimulated by last month's Victoria de los Angeles issue on Angel (*SR*, May 29) or for those simply avid for a classic of the *diseuse*'s art, Vanguard's fortuitous reissue, in "simulated stereo," of Germaine Montero's artistry will answer more than recommendably. It will provide, within itself, a survey of the range of expression that made all Spain mourn when, in the early days of the Spanish Civil War (August 18, 1936), García Lorca was a victim of a wanton mass execution by the Falangists.

These splendid performances (originally issued in 1960) are a reminder that to be as fine an interpreter of Spanish art as Montero or De los Angeles one must have a voice for its poetry as well as a mind for its music. Some of the most musical moments in all recorded history are contained in Montero's eloquent re-creation of the *Lament for Ignacio Sánchez Mejías* (billed as *Lament on the Death of a*

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Germaine Montero—"great vocalization."

Bullfighter). The melismatic variations she introduces into the ebb and flow of the grief-laden refrain ("at five in the afternoon," the moment of his death) are as much a product of great vocalization as anything in the lore of the singer's art. Montero also has just the kind of singing style for the formal songs, which provide absorbing contrast to the recited matter. The quality of sound, simulated stereo or otherwise, is excellent.

Ormandy's Mahler No. 2 After Thirty-five Years

MAHLER: *Symphony No. 2. The Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy; with Evelyn Mandac, soprano; Birgit Finnila, mezzo; and Singing City Chorus.* RCA stereo, LSC 7066, $11.96 (two discs).

NOT MANY CONDUCTORS get to record a major work after a lapse of thirty-five years, especially for the same company after a long involvement with another company. It is part of recording legend that Ormandy's version of the Second Symphony, made from a concert performance by the Minneapolis Symphony (of which he was then conductor), was the first complete work of Mahler's to appear on an American label. The Victor album of eleven discs bore the number M 256 and was first offered for sale in November 1935 for $11.50.

Styles of Mahler performance have changed more than a little in thirty-five years, but Ormandy's views changed little with them. This may be considered a laudable devotion to his own conception or a stubborn adherence to outmoded attitudes. Insofar as the Second Symphony is concerned, it is the latter that pertains, so far as I am concerned. Too much is reserved

(*Continued on page 52*)

William Pearson as Henze's Cimarrón

HENZE: *El Cimarrón. William Pearson, baritone; with Karlheinz Zöller, flute; Leo Brouwer, guitar; and Stomu Yamash'ta, percussion; under the direction of the composer.* DGG stereo, 2707 050, $13.96.

ONE SURE WAY to assure the circulation of a new work is to affiliate it with a performance of surpassing excellence, which, in itself, attracts attention. Such is certainly the case with the participation herein of William Pearson, a thirty-seven-year-old native of Tennessee, who made a name for himself as Porgy during the European tour of the Gershwin-Heyward creation and has since been living and teaching in Düsseldorf.

Pearson is endowed with a powerful performing personality and—if the representation of it by microphone is reliable—a resonant baritone voice as well. Both are necessary to his realization of what is essentially a solo of well over an hour's length. There is much to be said (as will be noted below) of the instrumental participation in Henze's conception, but without a vocal performer of Pearson's eloquence, facility, and magnetism, it would be akin to *Wozzeck* without a Wozzeck.

That conception is based on an arresting fusion of values—literary, mimetic, kinetic, and rhythmic—which has some precedents in the "monodrama" repertory, but no direct counterpart. For his subject matter, Henze has utilized fifteen excerpts from the creation of Miguel Barnet entitled *Biography of a Runaway Slave.* It was derived from taped interviews with an aged resident of a remote Cuban village who professed to be, at 104, a survivor of Spanish slavery, Yankee imperialism, and other indignities, a veritable "cimarrón" (meaning "wild, feral") or fugitive slave.

At the outset, amid a rattle of sounds and the richness of Pearson's voice declaiming the African background of slavery, there is a sensation of something derived from Eugene O'Neill's *The Emperor Jones,* in German yet. Amid all other uncertainties, the affirmative mastery of Pearson's artistry lures one to further listening. By the time of the Cimarrón's rebellion against chains and beatings, deprivations and cruelty, which is to say by the beginning of Side 2, Henze has immersed himself in his subject matter, and the real creative juices begin to flow. The section describing the slave's love for the forest in which he takes refuge, the satisfactions he derives from his friends, the animals and trees, as well as his love affairs with wild horses (they took the place of the women he couldn't find), arouses Henze to some of his best imaginative flights.

Thereafter, the work alternates between declamation strongly conditioned by Schoenberg's *Sprechstimme* (and Berg's refinements of it in *Wozzeck* and *Lulu*) and descriptive evocations of life in nineteenth-century Cuba. The Cimarrón leaves the forest when rumors of freedom for the slaves reach him, only to find that "freedom" under the plantation owner is scarcely better than slavery. But "civilization" offers women, and women are the joy of his life: a combination he finds irresistible. By now, Henze has drifted away from interjections and sound effects on a tide of actual music, seductive in "Die Frauen," ironic in "Die Pfarrer" (the corrupt clergy), defiant and finally triumphant in the sections related to the rebellion of '95. When one form of exploitation gives way to another, the Cimarrón leaves Havana, where he has been celebrating "Cuba libre," and returns to the tranquillity of the village where, presumably, Barnet found him sixty years later.

Into his score Henze has woven a wide variety of tonal threads, some of them doubtless derived from residence in Cuba during 1969, when the work was being composed. At times, despite the brilliance of the performances by the Cuban-born guitarist Leo Brouwer, the Japanese percussion virtuoso Stomu Yamash'ta, and the Berlin Philharmonic's flutist extraordinary Karlheinz Zöller, monotony takes precedence over interest. But Henze is craftsman enough to realize this peril and has something in reserve to right the imbalance.

Originally performed at Aldeburgh last year, and subsequently at the festivals of Spoleto, Edinburgh, and Berlin, *Cimarrón* had its American premiere at Pittsburgh recently. It is scheduled for this summer's Caramoor (N.Y.) Festival, in mid-July, whereafter some more complete judgment of its qualities should be possible. What the manner of previous presentation has been, I do not know; certainly, it has within itself the elements for complete staging, with *mise en scène,* pageantry, dancing, etc. Till that is possible, Pearson's extraordinary effort will carry the creative content of *Cimarrón* further than it could conceivably have gone without him. —I.K.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Berwald: Septet in B flat (*Stor*). **Kreutzer:** Septet in E flat. Alfred Boskovsky, clarinet; Wolfgang Tombröck, horn; Ernst Pamperl, bassoon; Anton Fietz, violin; Gunther Breitenbach, viola; Ferenc Mihaly, cello; and Burghard Kräutler, double bass. London stereo, CS 6672, $5.98.	Though the work of Kreutzer is awarded the A side in this coupling, it is likely that primary interest in this disc will come from the admirers of the remarkable Berwald. Born in Stockholm in 1796, Berwald produced his work in 1817, long before he encountered—and reacted to—the music of Berlioz, which plays so conspicuous a part in his later, well-known symphonies. Much of this Septet (a three-movement work) is pleasurable, endearing music that provides the members of the Vienna Octet with grateful opportunities to exercise their craft. In the Kreutzer Septet (the work not of the violinist Rodolphe, but of the *Kapellmeister* Konradin, composer of "Das Nachtlager von Granada"), the influence of Beethoven's famous Septet is almost vividly present; same instrumentation, number, and sequence of movements. Berwald to the contrary, this *is* the work that gives the record its major musical satisfaction: for flow, for spirit, and for an appealing melodic resource that doubtless accounts for the lingering interest in Kreutzer's stage works in some German theaters. It is beautifully played and ideally reproduced.
Handel: "Look down, harmonious Saint"; "Meine Seele hört im Sehen"*; "Süsse Stille."* **Arne:** "Bacchus and Ariadne"; "Fair Caelia love pretended." **Boyce:** "Momus to Mars." **Hook:** "The Lass of Richmond Hill." Robert Tear, tenor; with Neville Marriner conducting the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields; with Simon Preston, harpsichord continuo; *Iona Brown, violin, and Kenneth Heath, cello. Argo stereo, ZRG 661, $5.95.	Much about this effort is an agglomeration of rare qualities—the music itself, Neville Marriner's crisp, vitally rhythmic conducting, even the artistry Robert Tear applies to his task. However, Tear is also an instance of a performer who triumphs over lackluster vocal equipment through sheer will and intelligence. On balance, the satisfactions in what he does offset slightly the sound with which he does it, but it is sometimes by the narrowest of margins. It is, in any case, a decided privilege to range through the seldom-performed material, to find expectable delights in the Handel cantatas and aria, and equal, if unexpectable, pleasure in the radiant inventions of his English contemporaries. The slightly later James Hook's name is attached to a marvelously robust tune, well worth the eminence with which it has become associated. Tear does all but tear himself apart to do it justice, and succeeds at less than crucial cost.
Mozart: Duos in G (K. 423) and B flat (K. 424). **Hoffmeister:** Duo in G. Arthur Grumiaux, violin; and Arrigo Pelliccia, viola. Philips stereo, 839747, $5.98.	The inclusion of the Hoffmeister Duo with the two by Mozart may seem an unwarranted elevation of a man otherwise little known to fame. Actually, Hoffmeister was not only esteemed as a colleague by Mozart and Beethoven, whose works he published in a later career (the firm eventually metamorphosed into the celebrated C. F. Peters), but well known throughout Europe as a composer. His Duo has every indication of being an evolution from the examples of Mozart, but it is a thoroughly enjoyable work on its own. In those examples (K. 423 and 424), Mozart more or less wrote the book on how two instruments could be combined to give the illusion of three or four, a task more difficult, even, than making one sound like three or four, as Bach did in his unaccompanied partitas and sonatas. (Why more difficult? Because it requires *both* parts to be interesting as well as contributory to the outcome, whereas in a solo work all the interest can be piled into one part.) Grumiaux is a masterful interpreter of what he is given to do, and Pelliccia (violist of the Grumiaux-led string trio) keeps pace with him every step of the way. The result will in no way surprise those acquainted with their version of Mozart's *Sinfonia concertante*. Excellent sound.
Puccini: Excerpts from *Madama Butterfly*: "Amore o grillo," "Ancora un passo," "Ieri sono salita," and "Un po' di vero c'è" (Act I); "Un bel dì, vedremo," "Ora a noi," "Sai cos' ebbe cuore," and "Tutti i fior" (Act II); "Non ve l'avevo detto" and "Con onor muore" (Act III). Geraldine Farrar, soprano; Enrico Caruso, tenor; Antonio Scotti, baritone; and Louise Homer, mezzo. RCA Victrola mono, VIC 1600, $2.98.	Much if not all of this material has appeared in prior medleys, if not—as in this instance—in a grouping restricted exclusively to *Madama Butterfly* material. The total effect is absorbing, enlightening, and enjoyable—which is about as much as can be asked of any record. My only complaint would be that the total content, of approximately thirty minutes, could be purveyed on one side of a twelve-inch LP, with the second side devoted to a similar group of excerpts from *La Bohème*, say. For my taste, there is more than merely the absorbing, enlightening, and enjoyable in one aspect of the collection: Miss Farrar's "Un bel dì." As often as it is heard —and it has come and gone over the LP period—what she did in 1909 remains the standard, in the curve of a phrase, the shaping of a line, and the fullness of expressivity, for anyone who sings this music. The duet with Homer is also choice.
Satie: *Parade; Gymnopédies Nos. 1 and 3* (arr. by Debussy); *Relâche*. The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Philippe Entremont. Columbia stereo M30294, $5.98.	Napoleon's belief that there was a marshal's baton in every soldier's knapsack could be applied in large part to pianists, save that the baton would be the more familiar one that conductors ply. Doubtless Entremont has long been convinced that he could do as well as many of the conductors with whom he has appeared, or perhaps it is merely that a considerable quantity of Satie has been recorded under the direction of another pianist, Aldo Ciccolini. In any case, Entremont fares variably: very well in the two *Gymnopédies*, less well in the *Parade* and *Relâche* music. Some might associate the good results with the pianistic origins of the *Gymnopédies*, but the values are rather otherwise. The *Gymnopédies* pursue a line that is relatively easy to define, the two theater pieces a typically Satien kind of instrumental interplay that requires a special sense of balance which, in orchestral terms, Entremont does not now possess. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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FILM

DRUGS, EAST AND WEST

by ARTHUR KNIGHT

It is pure coincidence that two anti-drug films, one produced in New York, the other in Los Angeles, are going into distribution almost simultaneously. But there is a certain irony in the fact that the New York-based production, *The Panic in Needle Park*, is actually the skillful dramatization of a novel, while the Los Angeles picture, *Dusty and Sweets McGee*, has been fashioned in an experimental documentary form. Both have the same ultimate purpose, however—to demonstrate graphically, even harrowingly, the disintegration of the addict's mind and body in the hope of dissuading potential users from fooling around with the hard stuff. Once a person is hooked, they seem to say, there is no way to go but down.

The differences in approach, both valid, are interesting in themselves, and it would be difficult to say which is the more effective. *The Panic in Needle Park* follows Helen, a lovely, fresh-faced, moderately talented teen-ager from the Middle West who, after an unhappy fling in New York's East Village, shacks up with Bobby without knowing that he is an addict. The discovery is not long in coming, although at the outset he says that he is merely "chipping." But because she loves him and wants to be an integral part of his life, Helen soon begins shooting heroin herself. From that moment on, their days and nights are a ceaseless scramble for money and drugs, with robbery, prostitution, pushing, and betrayal among the measures necessary to maintain a habit that can cost as much as $100 a day.

To the credit of screenwriters Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne, this is told without sermonizing, sentimentalizing, or sensationalizing. Helen and Bobby are not evil; they are weak, attractive, pitiable creatures caught up by a force that both we and they know can only destroy them. The picture in itself offers no solutions to their plight. But it sets the pair in a very real world, one that is recognizably our world, and shows the horror of their life in it with such unremitting detail that the viewer must recoil—not from the film, but from the life-style of these young addicts. Jerry Schatzberg, a former fashion photographer turned director, has not only created a striking camera style of steely gray and lemony yellow to convey at once the squalor of cheap hotel rooms and the glow of love between Bobby and Helen; he has gotten performances from Al Pacino and Kitty Winn that are heartbreakingly true. Never before have two characters deteriorated so gradually, yet so convincingly, before our eyes, with every step of their descent shooting out fresh stabs of pain. It is a masterful accomplishment, for both the director and the performers, and makes *The Panic in Needle Park* one of the most affecting pictures in years.

While *The Panic in Needle Park* concentrates on two young people against the tawdry backgrounds of midtown Manhattan, *Dusty and Sweets McGee* takes on the entire drug subculture of sunny Southern California. Here the suppliers live in palatial Beverly Hills homes, the pusher drives a shiny new Boss-302, and kids are supporting habits that cost them as much as $450 a day. Trust California to do things big! But the result is precisely the same—wasted lives, useless lives, lives spent in ceaselessly scrounging for "the bread" that will pay for the next fix. And this time the people are for real.

Floyd Mutrux, the director, and his able cameraman, William Fraker, working with extremely limited funds, devised a unique method of sustaining this reality on the screen. After considerable research and innumerable conversations with actual junkies, they secured a dozen or so young people who were willing to appear on the screen. Based on previous information, Mutrux talked to them from beside the camera, prodding them to reveal themselves within contrived dramatic situations. Bits and pieces of these conversations were then edited together to create scenes, and the whole framed by the hard rock of KHJ's *Solid Gold Weekend* blaring forth from car radios, radios in motel rooms, and hand-held transistors.

The film creates a mosaic. While most of the users obviously are in their teens, some of the older ones (few live beyond thirty) are able to comment knowingly on the kind of life that lies ahead for them—which is essentially the life depicted in *Panic*. Thus, life reinforces art, and art extends reality. But both films need to be seen. Both deal seriously and unexploitatively with what is rapidly becoming one of the major problems of our society. Hopefully, when films present this problem as fearlessly and understandingly as these do, we as individuals can begin to comprehend its enormity, its urgency, and its tragedy.

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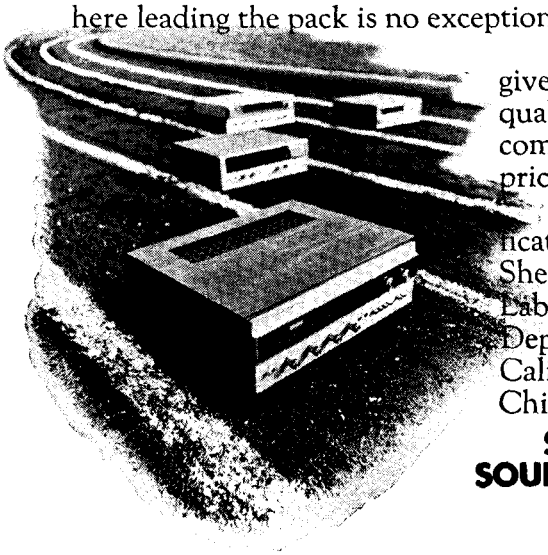

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Jazz LPs

Data	Report
Louis Armstrong: *Greatest Hits Recorded Live.* Armstrong, trumpet and vocal; Tyree Glenn, trombone and vocal; Joe Muranyi, clarinet; Marty Napoleon, piano; Buddy Catlett, bass; Danny Barcelona, drums. Brunswick BL-754169, stereo, $4.98.	Recorded in England in 1968, this is a typical Armstrong program of the period, except that Jewel Brown, whose presence is verbally acknowledged, does not sing. As vocal foil, Glenn takes the place of Trummy Young and the late Velma Middleton on "Rockin' Chair" and "That's My Desire" respectively. Although the leader's trumpet is not always adequately recorded, his majestic obbligato to Glenn on the latter number is one of the record's several great passages. The double-fold liner, incidentally, contains a superb color photograph of Armstrong, one that is, as they used to say, "suitable for framing."
Arnett Cobb and Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis: *Go Power!* Cobb and Davis, tenor saxophones; Wild Bill Davis, organ; George Duvivier, bass; Arthur Edgehill, drums. Prestige stereo, 7835, $4.98.	Stylistically compatible, the two saxophonists make an excellent team. Both are swingers, yet each has a distinct, easily recognizable personality. On the up-tempo vehicles, "Go Power" and "Go, Red, Go," the action is frenzied, but on the medium tempos of the other four titles good grooves are attained and sustained. Wild Bill Davis gives full, "orchestral" backing and takes an exemplary chorus on each number, while Duvivier furnishes his customary immaculate foundation. Other Prestige reissues from a decade ago, like this, and well worth hearing now in their clean stereo, are *Glide On!* by guitarist Bill Jennings (7836), *Tough 'Duff* by organist Jack McDuff (7814), and *Keep On A-Blowin'* (7830) and *Soul Meeting* (7833) respectively by tenor saxophonists Willis Jackson and King Curtis. In the company of Nat Adderley and the late Wynton Kelly, Curtis plays surprisingly well.
Ella Fitzgerald: *Things Ain't What They Used to Be.* Ella Fitzgerald, vocal, with band conducted by Gerald Wilson. Reprise stereo, RS-6432, $4.98.	In this well-chosen program of old and new hits, Miss Fitzgerald is backed by a large band for which its conductor, Gerald Wilson, wrote the arrangements. His characteristic use of bass and piccolos, plus an enlarged rhythm section, gives them unusual power and excitement, which a lesser singer might have found overwhelming. The lyrics of the title song, Mercer Ellington's famous number, are not exactly felicitous, but the verity she gives them in the reprise is remarkable. "Don't Dream of Anybody But Me" sounds immediately familiar, because it is Neal Hefti's "Li'l Darlin'," as made famous by Count Basie. The last song in the album, similarly, is "Robbins Nest" with lyrics.
Bobby Hackett and Vic Dickenson: *Live from Manassas.* Hackett, cornet; Dickenson, trombone; Tommy Gwaltney, clarinet; John Easton, piano; Bill Goodall, bass; Cliff Leeman or Ellis Baker, drums; Maxine Sullivan, vocal. Fat Cat's Jazz stereo, FCJ-112, $5.00.	Hackett and Dickenson are the relaxed stars of these generally Dixieland-oriented performances recorded at the Manassas Jazz Festival. Hackett is showcased on a delicate "Midnight Sun," Dickenson on his own good-humored "Constantly," and Maxine Sullivan sings with quiet charm on five tunes. Eaton and Gwaltney lend sympathetic support throughout, and Wild Bill Davison, Georg Brunis, and Eddie Condon get in the act on somewhat frayed versions of "I'm Coming, Virginia" and "Loch Lomond."
Jimmy McGriff: *Something to Listen To.* McGriff, organ and piano, with unidentified tenor saxophonist and rhythm section. Blue Note stereo, BST-84364, $5.98.	From the time of its foundation in 1939, Blue Note always showed respect for artists and audience by carefully listing full personnels of the bands it recorded. One of the two founding partners retired some years ago, and the other, Francis Wolff, died recently. So now we are promptly returned to the Dark Ages! If anyone should, inconceivably, want to know who produced this record, who was responsible for its "art direction," who did the messy cover design, or who took the murky photograph on the back, he will find this information given in detail on a liner that fails to identify *any* of the musicians who support McGriff! Yet the musicians, not the packagers, are still the important people, and McGriff and his men (especially the guitarist) play too well to deserve this discourteous anonymity.
Charles Mingus: *Town Hall Concert.* Mingus, bass; Johnny Coles, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, flute and bass clarinet; Clifford Jordan, tenor saxophone; Jaki Byard, piano; Dannie Richmond, drums. Fantasy stereo, JWS-9, $4.98.	There are just two performances here. "So Long, Eric," which runs for eighteen minutes, is primarily boppish in conception. "Praying with Eric," twenty-seven minutes long, is more abstract, or perhaps what is considered today more "free." In and out of tempos and moods, it contains notable work by Eric Dolphy, who died in 1964. His flute playing is imaginative, but on bass clarinet he seems to have been on the verge of really valuable and original discoveries. The recording, made at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre, Minneapolis, is good, and it provides abundant proof of what a magnificent bass player Mingus is. He *leads* from the bass, and everything is pivoted on his unerring pulse.
Leo Parker: *The Late Great King of the Baritone.* Parker, baritone saxophone; Eddie Johnson, tenor saxophone; Claude Jones, piano; Johnny Pate, bass; Al Williams, drums; Red Saunders, drums, with big band featuring Mac Easton, baritone saxophone (one track). Sahib Shihab, baritone saxophone, with quintet (one track). Chess mono, CHV-413, $4.98.	Had he not fallen victim, as the liner explains, "to the devastating drug scene that permeated the Modern Jazz world during the '40s and '50s," Parker would undoubtedly have exercised a considerable influence on his instrument. Eight sides here collected from the early 1950s reveal him as a vigorous and resourceful player with a robust tone and striking attack. Tenor saxophone solos credited to Johnson, whose inspiration was obviously Ben Webster, are also very rewarding. To fill out the second side, there are interpretations by two other baritone saxophonists, both of whom may well have been influenced by Parker. Mac Easton is brilliantly supported by Red Saunders's big band on "Lawdy, Lucy," and Sahib Shihab takes charge firmly in a long, European-recorded performance entitled "Campi's Idea."
Various Artists: *Berlin Festival Guitar Workshop.* Elmer Snowden, banjo; Buddy Guy, Barney Kessel, Jim Hall, Baden Powell, guitars; Jack Lesberg or Steve Swallow, bass; Don Lamond or Bobby Moses, drums. MPS stereo, 15146, $6.00.	On this evidence, and despite the audience's enthusiasm, the Guitar Workshop was a good idea that didn't quite come off. Possibly the soloists were overawed by the dimensions—and architecture—of Berlin's Philharmonic, but somebody like Tiny Grimes or Grant Green was needed to light a fire to contrast with the coolth of Hall and Kessel. As it is, the Brazilian Baden Powell steals the show with three impassioned performances at the record's end, his unaccompanied "Berimbau" being especially impressive. —STANLEY DANCE.

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POP

THE BIG, THE FAT, AND THE LONELY

by ELLEN SANDER

There is a tendency these days, particularly among writers, to become disillusioned with or even apathetic about pop. Among the peculiar literary breed that rock and roll spawned, it seems that pop music, which was once a great obsession of little value, has finally become a feature of questionable interest and inflated value. The new James Taylor album, *Mudslide Slim and the Blue Horizon*, is pleasant enough, but the total effect is a big "so what?" because it is, for the most part, introverted, maudlin, and saturated with a neurotic kind of self-involvement both lyrically and musically. The singular exception is his rendering of "You've Got a Friend" (a classic Carole King song of which there is an abundance).

Carole King herself is a case in point. She now has two albums out, and, though she is a spectacularly effective songwriter, she seems to have the same embarrassing difficulty in doing her own music as does Jimmy Webb, whose credentials as a writer are similarly unassailable. Why is it that writers are compelled to do their own material when the results don't measure up to stylists' renditions in any way? Probably the same reason that surpassingly competent musicians can't always, but usually try to, write songs, with the same disappointing results. Having bullied valuable advisers who normally would guide them, most musicians are nowadays hanging a little too loose to create any kind of consistently stimulating current in the mainstream of pop music.

That *Sticky Fingers*, the latest Stones release, was greeted like a rescue ship astounds me. It is perhaps the Stones' most self-conscious album and contains their most awkward moments on record. Songs like "You Gotta Move," "I Got the Blues," and "Moonlight Mile" are totally affected—their posturings are wearisome and they give the album a false ring. The group seemed to have evened out for a while, but with *Sticky Fingers* some of the old insecurity is back.

To be sure, the album has its vast areas of beauty, energy, and funk. It rocks, it cooks, it moves, and fancy dances, even as it shucks just a bit.

"Brown Sugar" is all sass and sock-it-to-me rhythm, the kind of Rolling Stones sound they grow beyond but never let go. "Sway" is rather overloaded, but makes it, just barely, because of an infectious, relentless refrain. "Wild Horses" is alone and soulful, a moving reverie. "Sister Morphine" is as grippingly dramatic, as scary, and as deadly as its subject. "Dead Flowers" really surges. It's a perfect example of the satanic excellence in those carousing, ironic pop songs the Stones move best: so oddly comical, the music tearing through the song like a runaway Jeep tire and a dinky little piano line rattling the tail of the arrangement. *Sticky Fingers* has its moments, good, bad, and (most disappointingly) indifferent, but where it shines, it glowers.

A few cuts that lack the polish and drive of the majority of really fine songs don't detract from an album like Graham Nash's *Songs for Beginners*. It is one of those rare and fragile items that has to be listened to in the spirit in which it was made—that is, with sensitivity, empathy, and concern. Nash is no flash virtuoso, but he is a master of subtlety from the beginning. The album opens with a rhythm track coming out of one speaker, its companion joining it from the other a bar later. It's not original, but in this case it is perfection. The song "Military Madness" is about the writer's childhood and growing pains leading to his political ambivalence, expressed, with a great deal of what so many young people are feeling, from the perspective of an English lad. Like every element of the arrangement, female backing voices—really strong ones—are used simply, sparely, but effectively, seeming to happen simply because they're exactly where they belong.

"Chicago/Change the World" closes the album the way it opens, with conscience and consciousness worked into a pleading song that is solid with vocals and sound rhythms, and with particularly brilliant bass work by Chris Ethridge.

Though Jerry Garcia, David Crosby, and other notable (and some not so notable) musicians do appear on the album, there is a great deal of thought given to the logistics of the music, which is to say that it is not one of those heavy-buddies-superstar-solo-jam records that have lately become so much of a bore.

"Be Yourself" is a gentle rouser, not quite a rocker, creating a space for itself and filling it. There are uneven spots on the album, such as "Better Days," which sounds like it's not quite finished. It has a forced kind of I've-got-to-say-my-piece-and-be-done feeling about it that strains but never really comes together.

"Wounded Bird" is simple, wise, melodic, and loving—and Nash does the entire track himself: guitars, vocals, and harmonies. In "Simple Man," he sings:

> I just want to hold you/don't want to hold you down
> I hear what you're saying/and it's spinning my head around
> I can't make it alone. . . .*

You can't make it alone, Willie Nash, but you sure can make it beautiful by yourself.

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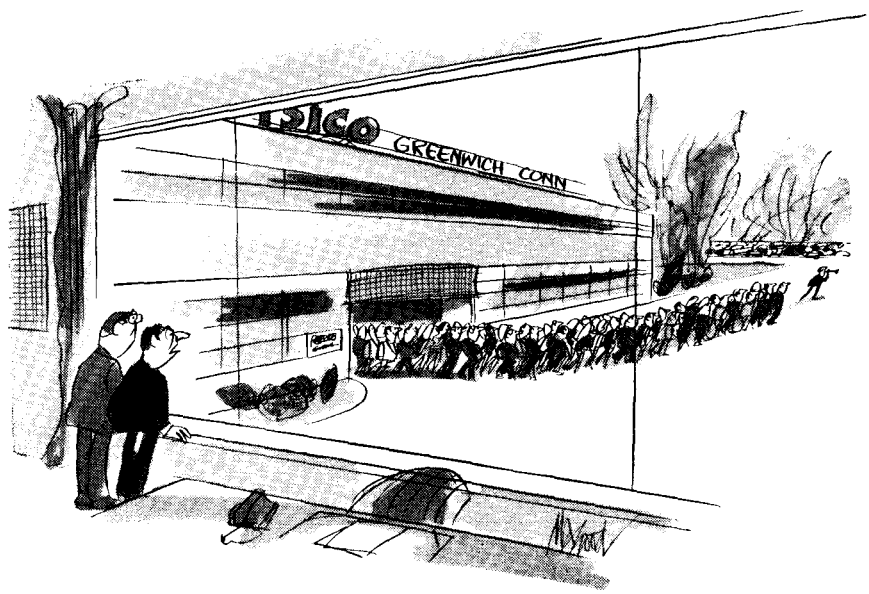

"My God! It's Lindsay taking them back to New York!"

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New Man at the Met

Continued from page 35

The policy of punctuality, however, was not popular inside the theater; and in 1964, shortly after Gentele took over, the head of the Soloists' Club (a kind of singers' union) came to announce that the scheduled premiere of a new *Tosca* would have to be postponed. Gentele said "Impossible" and got in touch with Nicolai Gedda and Sigurd Björling, to replace, if necessary, the recalcitrant Mario and Scarpia. They agreed. "I rehearsed them. There were more complaints, but I stood my ground—I realized this was a jostling for power—and *Tosca* opened, with great success, as scheduled."

Gentele quoted a remark of Ingmar Bergman (whom he called to stage a memorable edition of *The Rake's Progress*): "I'm all for democracy in the theater, provided I can have my way."

Actually, Gentele's relations with his singers have been amazingly harmonious. The singers who talked with me about him were all enthusiastic. Ballet fans are excited, too, since Gentele has persuaded Erik Bruhn to assume command of the theater's corps de ballet and has invited Jerome Robbins, Glen Tetley, and other choreographers to Stockholm to work with the company.

For that matter, the minute you enter the Opera by the stage door, as I did on the day of my arrival, you have the impression of a lively, happy, working atmosphere. Pretty blondes in blue jeans rush around, shouting a friendly "*Hej*" (I can only translate this into Italian: *Ciao*) to everybody from the doorman to the general manager himself; many administrators are in shirt sleeves (Gentele has extended casual dress to the front of the house, where even at a gala premiere there are as many sweaters as black ties). Everything is informal, but serious.

At the same time, I had the distinct sensation that Gentele is not sorry to leave. "A big fish in a small pond," one friend of his said to me, describing his position. I would say, after a week's acquaintance, that he is a man who thrives on challenge, and he is obviously thrilled by the scope that the Met offers. We purposely avoided the subject of his future plans there—it's too early for him to be specific—but he said of the New York house: "It's full of unmined gold. And at last I'll be able to do many things I've been dreaming about for years. In Stockholm, we have to coax international artists to the house; everybody *wants* to go to the Met." Certainly his choice of Rafael Kubelik as the Met's first Music Director in decades is evidence of an inclination to seek qualified associates. The only specific production Gentele mentioned for New York is a new *Carmen* for his first opening night; he is discussing the staging with the prestigious Italian director Giorgio Strehler, who has worked at La Scala and Salzburg, but never in America.

Before leaving him, I quoted Mr. Bing's pessimistic remark, and asked: "*Do* you know what you're getting into?"

"You can say this: I have no illusions." He looked undaunted. "The theater world is small, and carpenters, prop men, electricians have the same problems the world over. I hope to work closely with them, get to know them, be *available*. If you can talk, troubles don't build up, there's no brooding. I hope singers won't have to write books about their grievances."

It would be wrong to describe Gentele's Stockholm Opera career as an unbroken chain of smash hits, in a world all smiles and applause. He has had local enemies (opera, even more than the other arts, seems to generate feuds). He has had criticism. At one point, it seemed his contract would not be renewed ("and a number of people were going around with an 'I'm-the-new-manager' look on their faces," he said); but the delay was due to a confused political situation, after national elections, and the misunderstanding was soon cleared up.

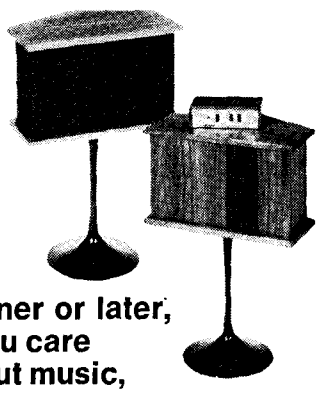
Some Swedish opera fans think he is too revolutionary. A kind of theatrical *Who's Who*, recently published in Stockholm, praises Gentele's productions for their movement, color, and effective character portrayal but says they are sometimes "in conflict with the nature of the music." I also spoke with the critic of a leading paper—a paper that has shown fairly regular hostility toward Gentele—and he said: "Gentele hasn't used enough other producers. He hasn't presented enough new productions. Works stay in the repertory too long, and, finally, he imitates Rolf Liebermann."

These charges, just on the basis of statistics, seemed unfounded to me; it's hard to believe the accusation of "imitation," when Liebermann even tried to import the Bergman *Rake* to Hamburg (Bergman wouldn't go, so Hamburg had to mount another production).

Several people, including the hostile critic, said that Gentele's productions were better before he became general manager. True, since taking over the administrative job, he has limited himself to one new staging a year (so how can he be accused of monopolizing?); but these recent years have included his universally praised *Makropoulos* and *Doktor Faust*.

Ragnar Ulfung summed up Gentele to me in these terms: "He's a cosmopolite. Here, as general manager, he also had to be a schoolteacher. He'll be great in America."

In describing his feelings about his new job, he let his bunched fingers explode as an indication of excitement and made a kind of whoosh sound. A board member of the Metropolitan Opera Guild, also in Stockholm that week, described Gentele as "a breath of fresh air." In that whoosh, I felt not so much a breath but a gust. If any cobwebs have collected in the house in Lincoln Center, the new Swedish air —heady and refreshing—should quickly blow them away.



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HANDEL AT HALF MAST

In his authoritative liner notes, Winton Dean calls Handel's *Orlando* "one of the masterpieces of eighteenth-century theater." Sir Newman Flower finds it "unquestionably one of the greatest operas that ever came from Handel's imagining," and Herbert Weinstock writes that it is "dramatically powerful and musically original." Yet listening to the first recorded version (RCA stereo, LSC-6197, $17.98), one finds little to rival the aural beauties of *Giulio Cesare, Rodelinda, Ariodante, Alcina,* and *Serse,* to name just a handful of the known commodities. One then must wonder whether it is the fault of the opera itself (despite its unique structure and advanced techniques), or of the performance, which rarely exceeds the bounds of being conscientious.

This twenty-eighth of Handel's surviving operas (1732, on the eve of his English oratorios) was designed as a visual extravaganza of flying chariots, storms, supernatural happenings, magical appearances, flying spirits, breathtaking transformations, and *dei ex machina.* This was theater of wonderment and splendid effects, wedded with baroque drama and music ripe for brilliant ornamentation. Take this crucial element away and you are left with merely the libretto—a not very inspired mixing of the heroic, supernatural, and pastoral by Grazio Braccioli, based on Lodovico Ariosto's epic *Orlando Furioso*—and the score.

At least on this hearing, the characters do not emerge as more than cardboard baroque conventions reiterating the moral that it is necessary to have reason guide one's life—Orlando lets himself be ruled by his passions, until he is shown what havoc it can wreak. Over the human destinies presides Zoroastro, a sonorous magician not unlike Sarastro of *The Magic Flute.* The three-act righting of love includes Angelica, who loves Medoro, who, in turn, is loved by the shepherdess Dorinda. By the end of Act II, Orlando goes mad, threatening to destroy everyone around him. But by the end of Act III, all is set aright—yet not before Orlando threatens suicide.

Musically, this is mature Handel breaking somewhat away from the stultifying confines of *opera seria,* turning in the direction of the Calzabigi-Gluck reforms. New rhythms and unexpected harmonies interrupt the set forms. Handel's reaching out to a new expressivity is especially keen in Orlando's "Mad Scene," rich and varied in human eloquence with its shifting moods of a deranged mind. Orlando's other arias are robust and brilliant, demanding an almost superhuman virtuosity—which, except in all but one or two singers today, can only be approximated. Medoro, another castrato (now mezzo) role, is wan in dramatic and musical interest; but both Dorinda and Angelica (sopranos) have some lovely moments, particularly, the trio with Medoro, "Consolati, o bella."

In order to re-create this highly unconventional opera fully, you need a conductor of extraordinary imagination and vitality (to go beyond the pure note-making and enter this enchanted world), plus a cast brimming with vocal freedom and dazzling technique. This newest installment from The Handel Society of New York via RCA misses in most instances. Conductor Stephen Simon's work is conscientious, yes, but square and often rhythmically slack, especially in the slow arias, which languish and lack in inner rhythm. Too often the music plods along, number to number, without sufficient dynamic or rhythmic variety. Neither is the Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper always incisive.

Sophia Steffan, in the title role, affects a throaty quality, presumably to create a dark, "male" sound, so that both her singing and her interpretation have insufficient authority, while her coloratura passages are labored. Bernadette Greevy, as Medoro, has an uneven voice, and she turns in a lumpy performance. Even with her great charm, feeling for words, and know-how in utilizing the limitations of her voice, Graziella Sciutti comes to grief in the treacherously difficult "Verdi piante" and lacks support in long legato passages. Carole Bogard brings an attractive lyric sound and personality to Dorinda's music, and Marius Rintzler sounds secure as Zoroastro, although he avoids much in the way of ornamentation. Without a single artist to handle this florid music with true bravura and embellishing of a distinctive style, a good part of the excitement is missing from the project. RCA's sound is crisp, but often the separations of voice and Martin Isepp's excellent harpsichord do not work—and one senses a changing of recording levels during the sessions. If there's to be any real Handel revival, begin at the summit—Sills, Sutherland, Baker, Horne, etc.

—ROBERT JACOBSON.

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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

Stravinsky Sighted

THE COVER photo of Igor Stravinsky [*SR*, May 29] depicts eyes dwelling on a face somewhat uncertain as to the windows to a soul. To be double-minded in thought is confusing enough, but to be *four-sighted* must needs be perplexing indeed.

Perhaps that is why his music reflects, in all its existentialism, the dissonance and cacophony of an age that engulfed him. Had he but tamed his tunes, the musical fallout might everywhere be more serene.

JIM CRONE,
Chemawa Indian School,
Chemawa, Ore.

WITH CRIME and drugs and riots encircling our beloved country suffocatingly, why have you chosen this space-in-time to affiliate yourself with today's insane conspiracy and thus further entangle us semi-educated college graduates by eagerly presenting us with that strange Boris Karloff picture of our departed beloved maestro Stravinsky?

ALICE RICHMOND,
Denver, Colo.

Buying Bruch

AFTER READING Irving Kolodin's "Heifetz on TV" [*SR*, Apr. 24], I ran around town trying to get some of our crack retailers here in "Music City" to cough up Heifetz playing the *Scottish Fantasy*. They couldn't. Nor could the RCA studios here, although, in their defense, they specialize in country music. The article notes parenthetically that "the *Scottish Fantasy* is the old one with Sir Malcolm Sargent. . . ." Any idea what the order number is, or the year in which it was recorded, or the title of the record?

JOHN L. SETZER,
Nashville, Tenn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *As specified in the article, the version with Sir Malcolm Sargent appears on the new RCA stereo recording LSC 3205 titled "Heifetz on TV."*

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Recordings in Review

Continued from page 45

for the grand climaxes, with not enough of the effort applied to the musical values in between, especially in the slow movements (whose tempo designations, because of the way the album liner is put together, can be found only on the record labels).

The outcome is an unfortunate inclination to stress that which is already close to excess in Mahler, and to undervalue the elements of contrast, dynamically as well as temperamentally, which contain a much-needed corrective to the apocalyptic. There may be those who relish the quantity of sound that is flushed out of all concerned in the latter portions of the "Aufersteh'n," but, to me, it does not—as reproduced—remain within the perimeters of a musical experience. With the vocalists grossly overstated and the chorus dominating the orchestral sound, one gets the impression of striving for a sound spectacular and not quite making it. There is no specification of the surroundings in which the recording was made—the Academy of Music seems a remote possibility—but wherever it was, the amount of sound that was generated absorbs almost all the available space, leaving too little for a proper aural frame. The chorus is excellent, Miss Mandac sings her part beautifully, and Finnila excels in the closing section.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 18: saint, stain, satin.

Trade Winds

Continued from page 10

this time to *Esquire*. They also wanted it, but once more he withdrew. At the time of the article's publication in the *Saturday Evening Post*, under the pseudonym Father Stephen Nash, he was writing a column for a Catholic paper. "That certainly wasn't your article," the editor wrote him. "I'd know your style anywhere."

Enough people suspected, however, so that the Mike Douglas Show asked him to appear behind a screen. Many of his friends began asking him what he'd do next. "I'll have plenty to do," he used to tell them. "There'll be all those ex-Catholics saying, 'Get me an ex-priest.'

"Seriously," he told us, "most guys who challenge the church are kind of squirrelly. I was at least something different. The hardest thing was telling my parents. It was toughest on my mother. The priest, you know, is really an extension of mother."

After leaving the church, he married—and has since divorced. Working in a psychiatric clinic with a brother, he recently published, with Everett Shostrom, *Between Man and Woman* (Nash)—a book that, among other things, classifies "relationships, significant and other," including the "Daddy-Doll" (the typical American marriage, particularly marriage No. 2), the "Bitch-Nice Guy" (the other typical American marriage), and finally the "Master-Servant" (the typical European marriage).

Mr. Kavanaugh now lives alone in Lucadia, California, near San Diego. A couple of years ago he came to New York to hawk *There Are Men Too Gentle*. . . . "The publishers liked the poetry, but they didn't want poetry books. Some of them said they would take the poetry book if they would be guaranteed my next non-fiction book. So finally, in desperation, I made an outline of something I called 'The Making of a Hero.' I classified all the heroes—the Media-Made Hero, the Folk Hero, even the Cliché Hero. They were crazy about it, too. One even offered me $30,000. You know something?" he continued. "I got to be pretty crazy about it, too."

Then why, we asked, didn't you do it? Did a wave of honesty come over you? "Wave, hell," he said. "No, it wasn't that. It was just that they were so damn listless about the poetry. And then, thank God, along came Nash.

"Do you know," he continued, "this Booksellers thing was an exciting thing for me. For the first time I saw people who knew me as a poet and didn't know me as an ex-priest."

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SASSMAN HARPSICHORDS. Kastenbau construction. Meticulous craftsmanship. Brochures. Gregoire Harpsichord Distributors, Charlemont, Massachusetts 01339.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE instruments; Thumb Pianos $10, kit $5; Dulcimers now $45 up, kits $18 up, Psalteries, Banjos; Dulcimer book, record. HERE, Inc., S, Box 341, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55440.

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NEUPERT AND SABATHIL HARPSICHORDS. Financing available. John W. Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

HARPSICHORD, CLAVICHORD kits. S. R. Williams, 1229 Olancha Drive, Los Angeles, California 90065.

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DUO-ART, AMPICO, WELTE fine roll reproductions. Harold Powell, 5652 Willowcrest, North Hollywood, California 91601.

PERIODICALS

ALFRED STEFFERUD edits Friends Journal, semi-monthly Quaker review. 21 issues, $5.50. 152-A North Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, 19102.

PHOTOGRAPHY

SUPER '8 FILM FESTIVAL—An international competition exclusively for the amateur and hobbyist taking Super '8 movies. Write for details and entry application. Super '8 Motion Picture Film Festival, Dept. SR, Professional Building, Sayre Woods Shopping Center, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

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DARROW SCHOOL—Coeducational boarding school. Rugged outdoor environment. Emphasizing community involvement, individual talents. Balance of responsibility and freedom. College preparatory. New Lebanon, N.Y. 12125.

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(Continued on page 54)

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(Continued from page 53)

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE, Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—undergraduates, college transfers, medical, law, veterinarian, graduate, dental. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

LOOKING FOR A SMALL COLLEGE? Just published 140-page Directory of Member Colleges of the Council for the Advancement of Small Colleges (CASC) gives detailed information on 100 small private four-year colleges, including admissions requirements, academic programs, campus life, athletics, student aid, and costs. $1.50 per copy postpaid from CASC, One Dupont Circle, Washington, D.C. 20036.

MARK HOPKINS COLLEGE, Brattleboro, Vermont 05346, offers self-selection or curriculum, self-designed study projects, and self-and-staff evaluations.

CHAPMAN COLLEGE. See ad under Studies Abroad.

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PERSONALS

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

(Continued from page 55)

SOUTHWEST NEW HAMPSHIRE—Houses and land. Dare Schumacher, Broker, Box 1, Acworth, N.H. 03601.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1942

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. French dialect of Liège	41 52 55 60 66 72 77
B. Mitigated; calmed, quieted	80 95 113 120 181 184 189
C. —— Islands: group in the Lesser Antilles, from P.R. to Martinique	6 18 24 116 134 147 185
D. Region known as "the garden of France"	196 20 73 79 88 101 121 133
E. Queen (Frederic Dannay and Manfred Lee)	139 153 7 51 65 71
F. Grew unchecked (2 wds.)	74 91 102 179 28 38 119
G. Metallophone of seven bronze plates used in the Javanese gamelan	135 137 163 168 188
H. Cerulean; deep blue	26 40 56 63 68 78 86 100
I. Painting the town (3 wds.)	112 129 141 167 19 31 81 161
J. Disraeli novel subtitled "The New Crusade"	170 176 191 57 105 146 4
K. Chaos, confusion	46 85 98 124 155 159 171 21
L. Iranian language of the Zoroastrian literature of the 3rd to 10th centuries	54 59 111 132 178 17 45
M. Make lean by a wasting away of flesh	62 166 180 87 106 192 30 83
N. Ransack and rob; weapon	177 69 131 140 148
O. Sarah Kemble ——: English actress (1755-1831)	150 109 149 12 32 136 182
P. Goblin or elf	37 160 29 145 173
Q. "Enter Caesar, in his ——" (comp., stage direction)	195 126 49 162 202 82 117 64 142
R. Silk-weaving center, Tochigi prefecture, central Honshu, Japan	200 22 36 152 92 94 193 5
S. Unwilling	61 164 11 53 198
T. Acute, strong	128 158 90 99 9 25 104
U. Forbearing, indulgent	107 118 154 174 201 15 33 125
V. Exuberant, ebullient	115 183 187 197 67 108
W. Put before a person for acceptance	123 2 42 35 70 75 16
X. Site of the largest military training center in the U.K.	48 114 23 3 50 186 10 43 97
Y. Serving to disclose something (as character or conditions)	27 199 138 58 96 190 144 165 169 84
Z. Last; nearest the stern of a ship	13 1 127 157 172 14 34 47 151
Z^1 Deterioration	44 93 103 130 143 156 110 175 194
Z^2 Either of two large African antelopes of the genus *Taurotragus*	8 39 76 89 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 Z	2 W	3 X	4 J		5 R	6 C	7 E	8 Z^2	9 T		10 X	11 S	12 O		13 Z							
	14 Z	15 U	16 W	17 L	18 C	19 I	20 D	21 K	22 R		23 X	24 C	25 T	26 H	27 Y	28 F	29 P							
30 M	31 I	32 O	33 U		34 Z	35 W		36 R	37 P	38 F	39 Z^2	40 H	41 A	42 W	43 X	44 Z^1								
45 L	46 K	47 Z		48 X		49 Q	50 X	51 E	52 A	53 S		54 L	55 A	56 H	57 J	58 Y								
59 L	60 A	61 S	62 M	63 H		64 Q	65 E	66 A	67 V	68 H		69 N	70 W		71 E	72 A	73 D							
74 F	75 W		76 Z^2	77 A		78 H	79 D	80 B	81 I	82 Q	83 M		84 Y	85 K	86 H		87 M							
88 D	89 Z^2		90 T	91 F	92 R	93 Z^1		94 R	95 B	96 Y		97 X	98 K	99 T		100 H	101 D							
102 F	103 Z^1	104 T	105 J	106 M	107 U	108 V		109 O	110 Z^1		111 L	112 I	113 B	114 X	115 V	116 C	117 Q							
118 U	119 F		120 B	121 D	122 Z^2		123 W	124 K	125 U		126 Q	127 Z		128 T	129 I		130 Z^1							
	131 N	132 L	133 D	134 C	135 G		136 O	137 G	138 Y	139 E	140 N		141 I	142 Q	143 Z^1		144 Y							
145 P	146 J	147 C	148 N	149 O		150 O	151 Z	152 R	153 E	154 U		155 K	156 Z^1		157 Z	158 T	159 K							
160 P	161 I	162 Q		163 G	164 S	165 Y	166 M		167 I	168 G	169 Y		170 J	171 K	172 Z	173 P	174 U							
	175 Z^1	176 J	177 N	178 L	179 F	180 M	181 B		182 O	183 V	184 B	185 C	186 X		187 V	188 G	189 B							
	190 Y	191 J		192 M	193 R	194 Z^1	195 Q	196 D	197 V		198 S	199 Y	200 R	201 U	202 Q									

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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